

Hundredth Year

February 4, 1926

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By John Singer Sargent

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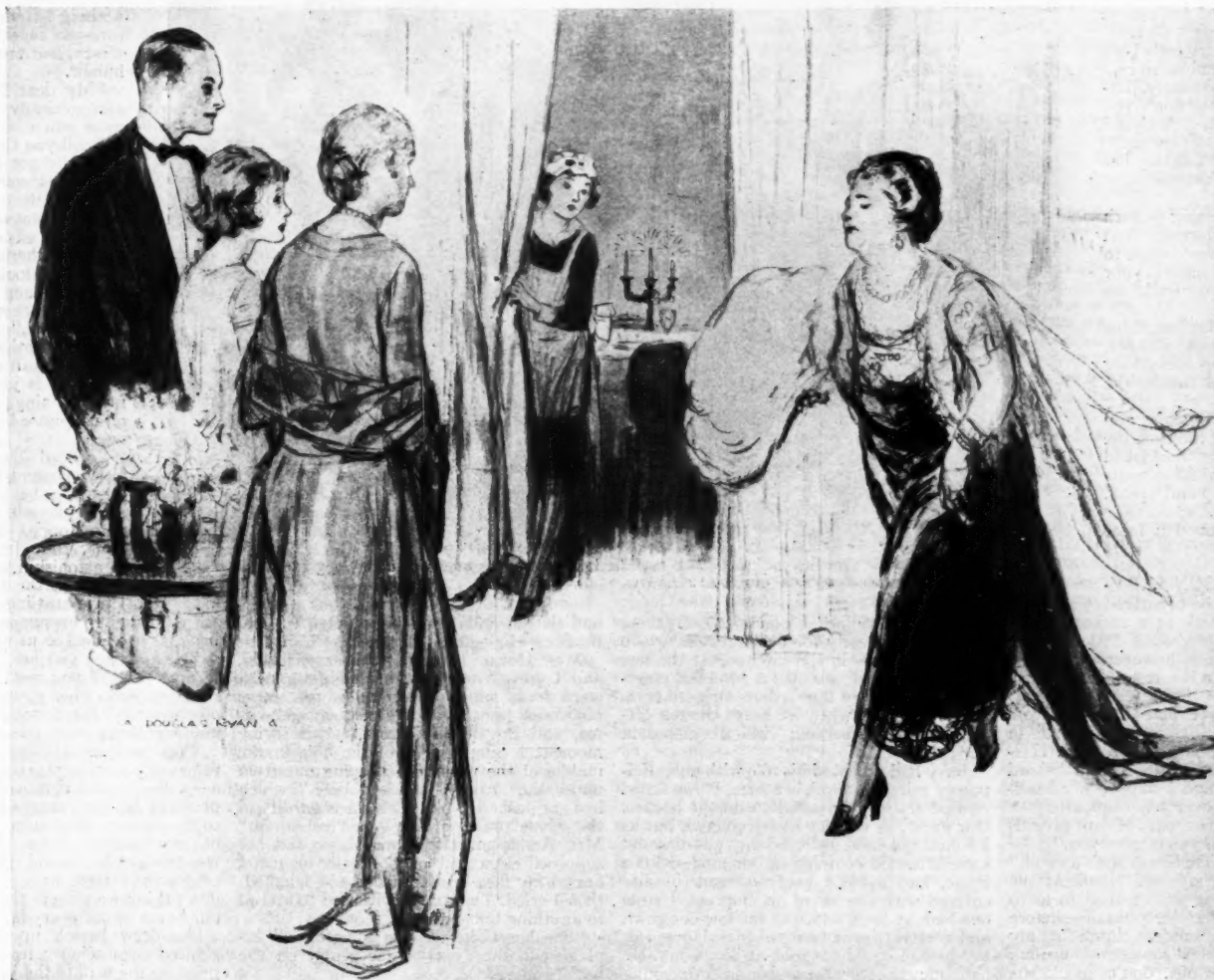
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DRAWINGS BY DOUGLAS RYAN

Our guest had made a gorgeous toilet and entered with the air of an empress

The Cupboard of Mother Hubbard

By GRACE S. RICHMOND

"TELL us, mother—quick!" "It's rather an unexpected pleasure," said mother mildly, dropping the yellow envelope. "She says she'll be here at six-fifteen, and—"

"Who?" "Mrs. Anderson Stuyvesant Howe," read mother, smiling.

"Mrs. Anderson Stuyv—goodness! Your old school friend Mary Downs! You've told us about her dozens of times and—"

"Six-fifteen!" I interrupted, in horror, thinking of our evening meal.

"And it's a quarter of five now. What in the name of all that's—"

"She is accustomed to a late dinner," explained mother.

"Well, she'll get a cold lunch here," said I with some feeling. "At a quarter of five on Friday we never have anything in the house but things for hash—and the fire is out."

"It must be made up," said Harriet with decision. "Mrs. Anderson Stuyvesant Howe is accustomed to a late dinner; she shall have it."

"She is also accustomed to being served by a butler," said mother, looking at us with some pity.

"She can't have him—" Harriet was

putting on her jacket as she spoke. "But if a very correct waitress changes her plates—"

"Waitress!"

"I will be waitress; you can call me Marie—when you don't forget it. I will go down town this minute, order up canned soup, strawberries, beefsteak, mushrooms, fresh bread, olives—anything I can lay my hands on. I wish I could find roast beef somewhere, just beginning to brown. You, Aurelia, will get out all the best china and see that the fire is brisk. Have the hash started; with a few frills it will do for one dish. Mother, please stir up the salad dressing and put on your best frock. That's all I ask of you—only do be sure to beat the oil in evenly enough."

And she was off like a flash of autocratic lightning.

"Hullo!" cried a masculine voice at the kitchen door half an hour later. "What's the matter with the Hubbard family? Anybody hurt?"

"Yes, badly—in our nerves. Go away and don't bother."

"Come in, Jerry, if you love us, and make

yourself useful," and I held out the chopping bowl. "Hash this hash and ask no questions, there's a dear. We are in awful trouble."

"Look's like it," commented our athletic young friend and neighbor, accepting his task without a murmur, and beginning to chop with commendable vigor. "Knew something was up when I saw Harriet following up the telegraph boy at a three-minute gait, with her hat over one ear. Company, of course. Nothing else could cause three delivery wagons and a confectioner's man to arrive within five seconds of one another."

"Confectioner's man? You goose! That was the plumber. We've put off fixing that faucet in the bathroom until we are forced into it by this emergency. You can't explain to a guest the use of a molasses cork in the hot-water faucet without causing some embarrassment—not to us, of course."

"The best tablecloth has a little hole in the middle," announced mother in a gloomy voice from the dining-room.

"Put the cake-basket-jardinière of ferns over it," directed Harriet cheerfully. "And give Mrs. Stuyvesant that one immense dinner napkin we haven't returned to Mrs.

Ward yet. Do have some presence of mind, mother."

"I don't see how you are going to make anything fit for company out of ordinary, commonplace, everyday beefsteak hash," I groaned, as I emptied a dishful of cold potatoes into the chopping-bowl.

"Leave that to me," cried Jerry, with a grin. "Just hand me the Worcestershire sauce, the red pepper, a lemon or two, a few sprigs of that chickweed outside the kitchen door—"

"Parsley—" corrected Harriet, dashing the can-opener into the can of chicken soup.

"After I've combined these things with real artistic effect, just frizzle the stuff a few minutes, add a pinch of salt, a dash of tabasco, wrap in a hot napkin and serve on cracked ice with—"

"Here, hullo these strawberries, that's a nice boy, and don't put in the bad ones. They're too poor to serve in a state of nature; I'll chill them and pour over some whipped cream if—"

"The cream is sour," announced mother, from the pantry, with the calmness of despair.

"It can't be!"

"Mother Hubbard," said Harriet, sadly, "if you can't tell us things that will cheer us, I wish you would kindly refrain from

speaking. If that cream is sour, it has soured since the telegram came."

"That's what it has," shouted Jerry. "Atmospheric changes—drop in the family barometer. If you people could see your own faces, you wouldn't blame it on the cream."

"Jerry," I cried, "stop trying to be funny and go and get us some cream. Get it somewhere, anywhere—ask your mother for it. Take this pail and don't come back without at least a pint."

"When my country calls I go, at any little personal sacrifice," said our neighbor solemnly, putting on his hat. "But don't you think if I meet Mrs. Atkinson Sylvester, or whatever her name is, I might tactfully detain her by pointing out the wrong street and number?"

"Do, and my blessing go with you," murmured Harriet. "And if you can make it convenient to put a pound of loaf sugar in your pocket as you come back, no harm will be done."

"Girls," said mother some time afterward in a stage whisper, which made us drop everything and run, "I see a cab turning the corner."

Harriet dashed up stairs and was down again by the time the cab reached the door. She looked rather distinguished for a waitress, even in her cap and apron, and, though her face was a trifle red, she had assumed a most demure expression.

MRS. ANDERSON STUYVESANT HOWE entered

with as much dignity as a rather dumpy and decidedly overdressed little woman could carry; its effect, however, was somewhat marred by a snort of imperfectly suppressed laughter from Jerry, who was behind a screen. He had returned from his errands just in time to join me in the act of crawling into this retreat. Harriet gave us a warning look from behind Mrs. Howe's back, and I clapped my handkerchief frantically over Jerry's mouth.

"Do be still," I begged. "If you give us away, Harriet will never forgive you."

"Great guns, but she thinks she's a swell," whispered Jerry in my ear. "Look at the gemlets. I thought it wasn't good form to sparkle like an electric fountain—before sundown." With a sudden clutch at my elbow he cried: "I smell something burning, sure as time. Look out, don't knock the screen down—"

We flew to the kitchen. It was the hash. I groaned as I lifted the spider from the fire.

"I said 'frizzle it,'" whispered Jerry, regretfully, "not *fizzle*. Never mind—put some red pepper over the burns—she'll take a drink so quick she won't notice the taste."

A white-capped maid from the big house next door—Jerry's home—appeared suddenly to my astonished gaze, bearing a large cake, covered with a napkin. Jerry met her with a smothered whoop.

"Here you are," he exclaimed. "Mother sent it; I told her the awful hole you were in. Cook says she made it this morning."

"Jerry, your mother's an angel. So is your cook."

"She's all right," agreed Jerry with conviction. "Mother sent you a quart of cream, too."

Harriet ran into the kitchen. "She's gone straight upstairs to dress for dinner," she informed us hysterically. "She only took time to give one searching glance at everything in sight. Go up and put on your best things; I'll see to this. Jerry, run home and get into your evening clothes, will you? We'll introduce you as another guest; it will help tremendously to carry this thing off, and you know you are a dear in that dinner jacket."

"Artful thing, you," chuckled Jerry, starting for the door. "Mrs. Sylvester must see me in it."

"I'm sure she'll come down in full fig," went on Harriet. "If she does, I shall choke every time I get behind her. Did you see her diamonds? Big as cartwheels; her hands are loaded—and for traveling!"

"Girls," said mother in our ears, "I am ashamed of you. Our guest—"

"Oh, mother," murmured Harriet. "When you yourself have taught us what is what!"

The dinner was ready at last. Everything



She began to laugh. Her real self showed through the aristocratic disguise she had so long tried to wear

was served, so far as possible; everything else was left ready for our waitress to slip upon the plates in the kitchen. At the last moment Harriet smashed a tumbler, creating a momentary flurry, but we were comparatively calm when we heard the respectful, "Dinner is served," which ushered in our fate.

Jerry had accepted his rôle with an anticipatory grimace, and when Mrs. Howe sailed downstairs was prepared to do the honors. Our guest, as Harriet had predicted, but as I would not have believed any guest would have dreamed of doing in our modest little home, had made a gorgeous toilette and entered with the air of an empress. I stole one look at Jerry's face as the low-cut gown and glittering ornaments of Mrs. Howe met my gaze; I dared not look at him again. He had immense control of his smooth young features, but on this occasion the frequent twitch of the muscles about his mouth, which he strove heroically to conceal by sundry coughs and clearings of the throat, came near being too much for me. There was an awful silence for a moment, as we sat down at the table. I saw Mrs. Howe glance from her handsome dinner napkin to Jerry's noticeably smaller and limper one; for, though mother and I got ours out of sight at the first moment, that artless youth left his until the soup arrived and then shook it out with uncalled-for ostentation.

THEN mother rose nobly to the occasion and drew Mrs. Howe into a semi-animated discussion of their school days. She held our guest's attention by interesting reminiscences of the latter's supremacy at the Young Ladies' Seminary and recollections of her popularity among her classmates, while Jerry trod skeptically upon my toes under the table.

Meanwhile the soup came and went, and Harriet glided in and out with the practiced skill of an accomplished waitress. All went well until the hash arrived; then I felt my face grow red and my lips shake. Harriet's face was a study as she served Mrs. Howe. I dared not look at Jerry when he bravely tasted the hash. Its appearance was really very good, and Harriet had deluged it with tomato sauce and parsley, but when Mrs. Howe hastily grasped her glass of ice-water I felt my self-control giving way. Harriet made a sudden and most unwaitress-like escape from the room; Jerry coughed in his napkin; and I—well—I was only sixteen,

and sixteen finds it easier to laugh than to be sober—I giggled.

Mrs. Howe glanced at me suspiciously, and I grew hysterical. Mother gave me a stern look, which made me worse. Jerry recovered himself and glared savagely at me, and this finished me. At this trying moment I caught sight of the hole in the middle of the tablecloth peeping out from under the "cake-basket-jardinière," which had got pushed to one side. The absurdity of the whole pitiful attempt to "live up to" Mrs. Anderson Stuyvesant Howe and her supposed elegance took possession of me. I buried my face in my napkin and laughed; then I cried. The company ceased to attend to anything but me.

"She has these attacks sometimes," explained mother, patting me gently on the back.

"Are they serious?" asked Jerry, politely. Then an evil spirit entered into him and he added, "Can I get something for Miss Aurelia? Ammonia—camphor—red pepper—anything?"

"Oh, don't!" I shrieked. Then I rose from the table, and Harriet came and led me from the room. She pinched my arm black and blue on the way, but it had no effect upon me. I rushed upstairs and buried my face in a pillow. Meanwhile the dinner went on. By and by I recovered my self-possession, or thought I had done so, and went solemnly back to the dining-room.

"Better, dear?" asked mother cheerfully. "Will you have some of the—er—hash—brought back? Marie—"

"No, no," I said with my eyes on my plate. "I'll just take some salad, please."

There was a silence as Harriet moved slowly towards the kitchen. Presently she came back and served me with dessert, which the others were then eating. I understood.

There hadn't been much salad; and when I left the table our clever waitress had divided my share among the other plates. I had thought my shaken nerves well under control, but they played me false again. I began to laugh once more, feebly, as one who would far rather not laugh, but is too weak to resist. Then mother herself forgot her part and brought down the house.

"Harriet, bring Aurelia some hartshorn."

Mrs. Howe stared. Jerry, after one convulsive effort to maintain his gravity, burst into a ringing laugh so uncontrolled and hearty that Harriet gave way without a struggle and joined in. Mother turned upon

us one despairing look and succumbed. Mrs. Howe's face began to grow flushed under her powder. I fervently wished as I sat there shaking, my face hidden in my napkin, that the earth would open and swallow us up, with all our hollow pretensions.

Mother recovered herself after a moment, and a glance at our guest's injured expression evidently made her decide upon a full confession. There was really nothing left to do but to throw ourselves upon Mrs. Howe's mercy, and trust to her sense of humor.

"My dear Mary," she began apologetically, "you must excuse us if you can. After dinner we will tell you the whole story. We are really not amusing ourselves at your expense, however it may seem."

Harriet untied her apron strings and flung off her waitress's cap. She drew herself up to her full height and looked at Mrs. Howe like the young gentlewoman she really is. "Let me present myself, Mrs. Howe," she said. "I am Harriet, mother's daughter, not Marie, a waitress, and this performance is just a poor joke of my planning. But it's a joke on us, please be sure, not on our guest."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Howe. For a moment I thought she was going to be angry. "Snob," I said to myself, under my breath, and stopped laughing so suddenly that Jerry looked at me in astonishment. Mother led the way into the sitting-room, Mrs. Howe rustling and glowing and

with a haughty expression about her very back, as it seemed to us who followed her.

"Nice actress you are," whispered Jerry in my ear. "All you need is an understudy ready to jump when you get rattled and run off the stage." But I was holding my breath and wondering what was coming next.

"You see," said Harriet, with brave cheerfulness, "your telegram surprised us in rather a well—Mother Hubbard's Cupboard happened to be very nearly bare, and we had to fly about to get ready. We girls are fond of pranks, you know, Mrs. Howe, and we thought it would be fun for us to play at the style we don't live in. Please don't think we were in the least ashamed of our house or our everyday ways."

She drew herself up a bit higher and glanced unconsciously from a fine old French print on the wall to the Persian rug beneath her feet, two of the few treasures left us from a once luxurious home. Then in the midst of the awful silence she finished her explanation.

"SOME funny things happened while we were getting ready which left my sister's nerves a little shaky, and she couldn't play her part through. We meant to have a little fun out of it, that's all. But we truly never meant to make you think we were making fun of you."

She looked at Mrs. Howe, half smiling. Our guest looked back at her with a softening face. Her diamonds flashed in the lamplight, and her elegant gown rustled, as she began for the first time that evening to laugh. The haughty expression vanished, and her real self showed through the aristocratic disguise she had so long tried to wear. The "snob" in her was gone, for the moment at least. She turned to mother.

"It makes me think," she said, "of the spreads we used to have, and of the way we used to try to change the face of everything when one of the teachers knocked at the door. Remember, Sue, the one who always surprised us when we least expected it? We called her 'The Unbidden.' It was too bad of me to give you so little time to get ready. But I'm glad I did it, for now I've seen what clever girls you have. I'm sorry—" with a jolly laugh—"little Miss Aurelia has these attacks; but if she'll just let me give her this vinaigrette of mine,"—she unfastened a little gleaming jeweled affair and put it into my hand,—"perhaps it won't remind her unpleasantly of this 'Unbidden.'"

After all, there are "snobs" in cotton gowns, and truly fine hearts under much affectation. Mrs. Howe came down to breakfast next morning in the plainest of tailored dresses, and only seven diamonds where seventeen had shone the day before.



One Way to Win

By

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

THE year that Frank Nolan captained the St. Timothy's golf team there was more interest in that match with St. John's than usual, chiefly because of the prestige given to the team by the presence on it of two conspicuous athletes. Usually the golf team was made up of fellows who were not prominent in other sports, but this year it counted among its five members not only Nolan, who was the best sprinter and high jumper in the school, but also Harry Stanley, captain-elect of the football team. Consequently the important personages of the school did not regard the golf match as a diversion of the unimportant.

Nolan and Stanley both took it very seriously and practiced for it as they had for all other championship contests. Stanley was the ranking player of the school, with Nolan second; and Stanley had his personal reasons for wishing to do his best. The St. John's number-one player, who would play against him in the match, was Peter Crowell, who at home was one of Stanley's closest friends. The two boys lived in the same block and had been competitors in nearly every branch of sport before they had gone to rival schools.

"It will be good to go up against old Pete again," Stanley said to Nolan the evening before the day of the match. He had been polishing his clubs; he held up his mashie and inspected its shining metal face. Nolan laid down the putter that he had been handling and said:

"Just how good do you think he is, any way?"

"Of course I don't know how much he's improved since last summer. I played him in September, and here it is June. He may have improved more than I have: I hope not."

"You beat him last September?"

"We were just about even. My driving was a little better than his, but he was apt to be steadier. He never gets fussed or nervous; he's about the coolest fellow I ever went up against, in anything. I've got to be right on my game—no use expecting him to make enough mistakes to let me win."

"Pretty decent fellow, is he?"

"Pete's a peach. He's a good all-round athlete too; he'll make their school eleven next fall; and he pitches good ball, too."

"If he's such a fellow, why didn't you bring him with you to St. Timothy's?"

"Oh, St. John's runs in that family. Besides, I guess he'd have gone there anyway just to buck up against me; he and I have always been on opposite sides."

"If you're about even, you ought to beat him in your own course," remarked Nolan.

"That's what I'm thinking. But Pete's always at his best when he's carrying a responsibility. He's a hard man to beat when he's just playing for himself, but he'll be harder to beat when he's playing for his school."

"I guess he has nothing on you there," said Nolan. "I guess you'll trim him. Go to it."

STANLEY was one of those whose spirits thrive on the promise of excitement. Moreover, excitement did not unsettle his nerves. He spent a few minutes after Nolan had gone anticipating the meeting with his old friend and the satisfaction of the match that would really determine who was the best player in the two schools; and then he put those thoughts comfortably aside, took up his geometry, and studied for an hour with an unruffled mind.

The golf team from St. John's arrived at noon. The headmaster welcomed them, and after his greeting the hosts took the visitors to walk over the golf course,

in order that they might familiarize themselves somewhat with it.

Stanley and Crowell walked together. Although Crowell chatted eagerly of the friends at home and of other interests that he and Stanley had in common, his eyes were alert all the time; Stanley could see that he was noting down in his mind the principal features of each hole.

"Taking everything in, aren't you, Pete?" he said. "You always were a regular hawk-eye."

"Well," said Crowell, "I know that when I'm up against you I've got to use everything I have."

"Same here," replied Stanley. "We've never yet played a match for blood, like this one. How much better are you than when I played you last?"

"Oh, about a hundred per cent."

There was a twinkle in Crowell's eye, and Harry answered, "Boy, if that's all, not a chance—not a chance."

"You didn't use to be so cocky," said Crowell. "I guess it's about time I was coming up here, for your own good."

They continued to tease each other, but all the while they were happy at being together. Stanley took Crowell in to luncheon as his guest, and was delighted when the other fellows at the table seemed to recognize his charm. Indeed he felt almost as proud as if it had been a distinguished brother that he was showing off. And Crowell seemed to like all the fellows too and to get on friendly terms with them in a surprisingly short time. When Stanley in introducing Jim Greenlaw remarked that Jim was to caddy for him during the match, Crowell said:

"Our crowd will have to get along without caddies. They wouldn't let any fellows besides the team come."

Somewhat hesitantly Dan Marriott spoke up. "I'll be glad to caddy for you if you want me to."

"Take him on, Pete," said Stanley.

"He's a good lad at following the ball, and he won't bother you with advice."

"Glad to have any advice he'll give me," Crowell answered. "Mighty good of you, Marriott; I'll be delighted."

"I guess Frank Nolan will fix up everyone of you men with a caddy," Stanley said. "You and I start last, I believe, Pete."

"Yes, so I'm told. That suits me; it will be more interesting, for before we get through we'll know pretty well how things stand."

"It will be more interesting if it's close and less interesting if one side is swamping the other," remarked Stanley.

"I guess it will be close all right."

After witnessing the start of the other four pairs, Stanley concurred in Crowell's opinion. When a St. John's player made a good drive, his St. Timothy's opponent followed with a good one also; and after a player had hooked or sliced his first shot it seemed almost as if his opponent felt bound out of courtesy to do the same thing.

FINALLY Nolan and Harris, the fourth pair to start, were well out of the way, and Stanley teed his ball. His drive was low and straight down the middle of the fairway and carried for about two hundred yards. Jim Greenlaw, holding Stanley's bag of clubs, smiled but remained decorously silent. Crowell, stepping up to the tee, remarked in an unconcerned manner, "I've got to go some," and without any preliminary motion swung and sent his ball also on a line and just a little to the right of Stanley's.

"I guess I can't count too much on my long game to beat you," said Stanley as they set off on their round.

"I think I get a little more swing than I do usually," Crowell answered.

From that time on they did not talk much to each other and the two caddies and the three or four other fellows who followed them preserved a careful silence. Neither player relaxed from the pace at

which he had set out; both of them were playing their best, and at the end of the first nine holes, they were even up. At the thirteenth tee, with Stanley one up, word reached them that the first pair had finished, with a victory for St. Timothy's. The news seemed only to inspire Crowell, for, although Stanley made the hole in four, which was par, Crowell was on the green in two and then ran down a long putt, making the score even up. They halved the fourteenth hole, and at the fifteenth tee they learned that the second and third pairs had finished, and that the score was now two to one in favor of St. John's, but that Nolan, at the seventeenth tee, was two up on his opponent.

"Looks as if we'd have to settle it," muttered Stanley to Greenlaw. "Frank Nolan won't crack on the last two holes."

And before Stanley and Crowell had reached the green of the fifteenth, word had been brought to them that Nolan had won, three up and one to play.

At that point Crowell had a bit of bad luck and got into a bunker that cost him one extra stroke. Stanley, winning the hole in five, went into the lead. From the sixteenth tee he made a long drive that carried well over the sand traps in the middle of the fairway. Crowell topped his ball, but was lucky in that it stopped short of the traps. The advantage that Stanley had apparently won through his drive was wiped out when Crowell played a long iron shot almost to the green. Stanley's next shot fell short of Crowell's, and Crowell won the hole in five, and again the match was even.

Spectators appeared in greater numbers at the seventeenth tee; among them were the players on both sides who had already finished.

"Don't you want one of your own men to caddy for you now?" Marriott asked Crowell.

"No," Crowell answered. "It might change the luck. It broke right for me that time."

He stooped and teed his ball carefully. The seventeenth was the longest hole of the course. A cautious player would follow the fairway to the point where it turned almost at right angles round the tangle of weeds and long grass that thrust in from the left like a wedge. But one who had confidence in the length of his drive might try to clear the hazard, and if his shot came off well he would have a great advantage over his less daring opponent.

Crowell, after a moment's deliberation, took an iron instead of a wooden club; he had decided to play safe, in the hope that Stanley, if he risked a long drive, would send his ball into the rough. Crowell's shot was a good one; his ball came to rest in the fairway a few feet from the point of the wedge.

Stanley addressed his ball, eager to seize the advantage that would be his if he successfully made a long drive. There was a tense moment; everyone realized the importance of this shot. Stanley swung hard—too hard; instead of hitting the ball cleanly he topped it and sent it into the long grass some distance from the edge of the fairway.

He bit his lip, disappointed at the result but chiefly nettled at the thought that Crowell should have anticipated so correctly his inability to control his shot in a crisis. He strode off at once with Greenlaw to search for his ball. Crowell, strolling down the fairway with Marriott, discoursed blithely.

"I SUPPOSE some people would say that play of mine showed lack of nerve," he remarked. "If I hadn't played so much with Harry that I know pretty well just how things affect him, I wouldn't have tried it. I somehow felt that if I did this he'd feel that here was



DRAWINGS BY R. L. LAMBDIN

Marriott threw Crowell's bag of clubs on the ground and exclaimed, "I'm through!"

his big chance, and he'd try to kill the ball. And you know that's almost always fatal."

"You lured him into trouble all right," admitted Marriott.

Coming up to his ball, Crowell took a brassie and made a shot that carried far down towards the hole. Then he and Marriott entered the unmowed strip in which Stanley, aided by Greenlaw, had just begun to search for his ball.

The four tramped this way and that, beating among the weeds and long grass with clubs. Time passed, and finally the master, Mr. Rawson, who was umpiring the match, called, "Only one minute more, Stanley."

Stanley thrashed about with his club desperately. A lost ball meant that he would lose the hole, and that Crowell would go to the last tee in the lead.

Crowell continued to pace back and forth, swinging his club, and suddenly he caught sight of the ball, half obscured from view, but lying in a position that made it easily playable. Crowell turned away from it and stood motionless.

"Time's up," called Mr. Rawson.

"All right," said Stanley. "Your hole, Pete."

Crowell walked back a few steps.

"Here's a ball," he said, and stooped and picked it up. "This yours, Harry?"

He handed it to his friend, who after a glance said with chagrin, "That's mine, yes."

"Of course if it had been a friendly match with just ourselves to consider I'd have pointed it out to you right off," said Crowell. "But I had to think of my school."

Nobody spoke for a moment. The four other St. John's players who stood by seemed as much at a loss, as much overcome with amazement, embarrassment and indignation, as the St. Timothy's fellows. Then Marriott threw Crowell's bag of clubs on the ground and exclaimed, "I'm through."

Crowell flushed and, raising his head, proudly looked from one to another; in no face did he see any expression of approval or support.

"All right," he said haughtily, and he picked up the bag that Marriott had thrown down. "Nobody backs me up in this. I'm satisfied. When I represent my school I'm not free to do some things that I would do if I represented only myself. Burke, do you want to caddy for me the rest of the way?"

"No," said Burke, the captain of the St. John's team, bluntly. "You can go it alone."

"Thank you."

Crowell, with his head held high, started to walk on as if indifferent to the isolation that he had brought upon himself. He had gone but a few steps when Stanley joined him; he wished to show that he still felt friendly, but he did not find anything to say. Greenlaw, the caddy, did speak.

"What I'm wondering about," he remarked drily, "is why you should have wanted to help him hunt for his ball, Crowell."

"I always help the other fellow to hunt for his ball," Crowell answered. "A ball has some value. Don't you suppose I knew most of you St. Timothy's fellows would take

this thing just as you've done? I admit I didn't imagine my own crowd would turn against me for feeling I had a duty to the school."

"Why didn't you pretend you hadn't seen the ball till after time was up?" asked Greenlaw. "We might have suspected you, but nobody could have said anything then."

"I don't pretend. I prefer to be honest." Stanley cut short the discussion. "Yes, Pete's playing for his school, and he's doing his best for it. That's all right, I have no kick coming."

"Just the same you've got to beat him," grumbled Greenlaw.

Arriving at the eighteenth tee, Crowell made his preparations to drive as if unaware of the hostile group of spectators. The hole was about 350 yards in length; two bunkers, one at a distance of approximately 120 yards and the other thirty yards beyond that, barred a broad section of the fairway, and the green was virtually an island surrounded by sandpits, connected with the fairway by three narrow causeways. Crowell's drive cleared the second bunker; and at once Stanley's chance of winning the hole and tying the score seemed remote. It seemed to vanish completely when he topped the ball and sent it only a hundred yards down the fairway. The crowd followed in silence as he walked briskly on to make his second shot. He took his brassie and swung viciously, and this time the swing was right; the ball flew on a line straight for its green and when it struck the turf it rolled almost to the edge of the sandpit. Then there was for the first time a spontaneous outburst of clapping from the spectators—clapping in which the St. John's spectators took part.

"Peach of a shot," Crowell said to Stanley, and started on to play his own ball.

He played it badly; instead of lofting it in the air and dropping it on the green he topped it and it rolled over the edge of the bank and into the bottom of the sandpit. Stanley, on the other hand, made a perfect approach shot, tossing his ball on the green within two feet of the hole. Again there was applause from the spectators, and Greenlaw thumped Stanley on the back and said, "Oh, boy! what a finish!"

MEANWHILE Crowell descended into the sandpit. The position of his ball did not present any special difficulties, but he had to loft it quite sharply into the air in order to get it up over the edge of the bank. He made the stroke skillfully; the ball rose and dropped on the green and rolled to within about twelve feet of the hole. Crowell and Stanley had now each taken three strokes; Stanley was reasonably certain to hole out in his next stroke, and Crowell needed therefore to run down a twelve-foot putt if he was to keep the match from going to an extra hole. He took perhaps a minute studying the distance, gauging the weight of the blow that he should give; then he topped his

ball with his putter, and it rolled straight for the hole and had just momentum enough to tumble over the edge into it.

"Good work, Pete!" cried Stanley, and he stepped forward and shook the winner's hand.

There was no other expression of congratulation. Several St. Timothy's fellows came up to Stanley and told him that he had played mighty well, and that it was hard luck, but none of them spoke to Crowell or even glanced at him. Nor did any of the other St. John's fellows pay any attention to him. They walked quietly away, leaving Crowell to look out for himself.

Stanley accompanied him into the athletic house.

"There evidently won't be much rejoicing at St. John's over this victory," Crowell remarked. "Funny thing to win a match and go home in disgrace." His tone was philosophical, but Stanley knew what bitterness of feeling lay under it.

"Now, Pete," he said, "don't let that trouble you too much. You did what you thought was right, and you were perfectly aboveboard about it all. And the nerve you showed at the finish, with everybody against you—it was wonderful. You can't be downed by anything; don't mind a little unpopularity, it won't last."

"I always knew you were a mighty good friend, Harry," Crowell answered. "And I suppose," he added after a moment, "it was a mean trick to play on a friend."

"I don't look on it as a mean trick," Stanley answered. "You wanted to take every advantage you could for your school."

And it was from that point of view that Stanley defended Crowell after he had gone back to St. John's with his resentful teammates. In fact Stanley made out so good a case for him that some of the St. Timothy's fellows who had denounced Crowell for his unsportsmanlike conduct admitted that he might have acted from a mistaken sense of obligation to his school. They were also willing to concede that at the finish of the golf match his display of coolness had been remarkable.

Stanley wondered how Crowell was getting on at St. John's. He never heard from him, nor did he have any opportunity to talk with him during the summer vacation, for no sooner was the school ended than he went abroad with his father and mother for three months. They returned just in time to see him back to St. Timothy's for the opening of the school.

As captain of the St. Timothy's football team Stanley did receive some information about Crowell that autumn, and it was of a reassuring character; Crowell was playing left halfback on the St. John's eleven and was playing well. No doubt therefore he had regained whatever standing he might have lost.

The two did not meet until they faced each other on the football field. Then, just before the game was to begin, Stanley ran across to the St. John's side and shook hands with Crowell; it was "Hello, Pete, old man!" and "Fine to see you, Harry!"

Then they had to separate and take their places as members of opposing teams.

It had rained all the morning. The ground was soft and slippery, and the players slid and stumbled and some became plastered with mud. Fumbles occurred frequently, and towards the end of the second half it looked as if a fumble by Tilden, the St. Timothy's quarterback, would enable St. John's to score. Tilden dropped a long high punt, and St. John's recovered the ball on St. Timothy's fifteen-yard line. On the next play Howe of St. John's tried to go through the center, but the St. Timothy's line held firm, and after the effort Howe had to be helped off the field, suffering from a twisted ankle. A substitute entered the game; Crowell was given the ball and sent at right tackle, but again the St. Timothy's line was strong, and there was no gain. The ball was, however, directly in front of the St. Timothy's goal and only fifteen yards away.

Marshall, the St. John's captain, held a brief conference with Crowell; then he asked the referee to call time and explained that he would like to speak to the St. Timothy's captain. Stanley came up, and Marshall said to him:

"Our drop-kicker, Howe, has had to leave the game; our only other man who can drop-kick at all is Crowell. But on account of the slippery ground he put on a pair of shoes with extra thick cleats, and he can't drop-kick in those shoes at all. He told me he was ashamed to ask you to let him change, but that he had an idea you would let him if he did ask you."

"Why, of course," said Stanley. "Tell him to go ahead and change; we'll wait for him."

Accompanied by the referee, Crowell ran to the side line and called for his other pair of shoes. Then while the referee watched over him to make sure that with the shoes he received no message or instruction he hastily made the change. He came running back, the referee blew his whistle, and the two teams got into position. Marshall called out a signal, and Crowell dropped back to try a goal from the field. The ball was passed to him, he got it safely away just before the St. Timothy's forwards charged down upon him, and it sailed over the crossbar and between the goal posts. Three to nothing in favor of St. John's was the score, and the game ended immediately afterwards.

IN the dressing-room Stanley tried to comfort Tilden and two or three other players who felt that their mistakes were accountable for the defeat. He was disappointed enough himself. He couldn't help wishing that they might play that team once more—on a dry field. But, talking to the other fellows, he did his best to be cheerful and philosophical.

When he came out of the athletic house, Crowell was waiting for him.

"Harry," said Crowell, "I just felt I had to see you before I go. The other fellows are waiting for me, and I can say only a word—but I want you to know what they all know, because I've told them—and that is, I'd rather lose the way you did this afternoon than win the way I did last spring. Good-by, old man; my hat is off to you—always."



The ball was passed to Crowell; it sailed over the crossbar and between the goal posts

The Contract Doctor

By JAMES PARKER LONG

JOHNSON, H. J., M.D., '20, has been awarded the Bagshaw Medal and a fellowship of \$5000 for biological research. His published works are, etc.

Judson, T. D., M.D., '20, has been appointed staff head for the Syracuse City Hospital. This is an unusual honor to fall to a man but three years from his internship. In this connection the Syracuse Herald says, etc.

The college monthly had come before the big snowstorm had blocked all traffic, and Doctor Burke was employing his enforced inactivity by reading of the triumphs of his classmates. His name was not on the list, and, what was worse, it was not apt to be. The youngest man of his class, he had graduated third from the top, gone through his internship with flying colors, hired an office and settled down to wait for the practice which must surely come. That was two years before. The practice had not come, and even doctors must eat. Today he was contract doctor in the little village of Egypt and was paid fifteen hundred dollars annually by fifty families that had chipped in thirty dollars each for the sake of having a doctor in the neighborhood. It was not a bad thing financially, because his living expenses were low and there was considerable income outside the field of the contract from minor operations and the care of families not in the agreement. But it was so different from his dreams and the actual achievements of his classmates that each item deepened the cloud of gloom round his head.

A mighty nice-looking little head it was. Perhaps that was the trouble. Sick people have a way of wanting to have absolute faith in their doctors, and it is hard to inspire faith when one is five feet three inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds and has dainty features and a pink-and-white complexion that any girl might envy.

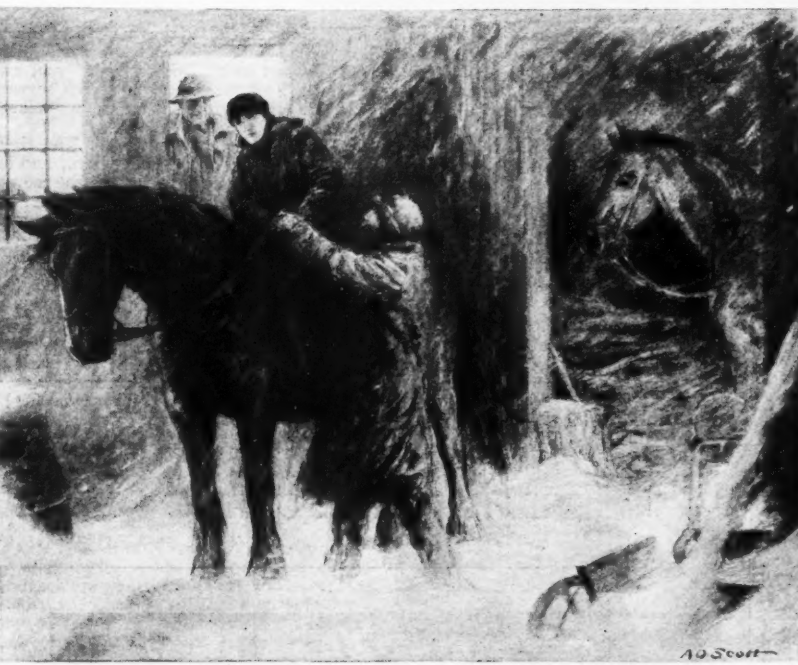
The night of his arrival in the village he had been dragged, protesting internally, to a reception where he had been introduced to the "vokels"—his term—among whom he would have to live and serve for at least a year. There he had seen old Dave Audet and his farmer brother Jabez, had heard Dave mutter, "Stung!" and had seen him leave the room with a contemptuous shrug. The little doctor had not known it, but half the room had caught the word and the shrug, and, since the wealthy and domineering old storekeeper had most of them on his books, they were quick to follow their natural instincts and make plain the fact that they were dissatisfied with their bargain. If the doctor had been financially free to do so, he would have thrown the contract in their faces and gone back to the city. As it was he had stayed, fall had passed and now it was winter—and such a winter. The oldest inhabitants were scratching their ears and wondering whether they had ever seen such a storm as the one that was raging.

THE doctor had got down to Williams, J. J., '16, who had successfully performed a supposedly impossible operation, when the telephone rang, and as the doctor turned to answer it an unusually heavy gust swept the house. The street light in front, seen through the unshaded window, was almost hidden by a cloud of the light snow caught up and whirled through the air.

"Yes, this is Doctor Burke.—How long has he been sick?—Take his temperature and his pulse, and see if you can find a center of the pain. Then call me again."

He rang off and turned to his filing case, out of which he slipped a card, Jack Audet; the son of Jabe and the nephew of Dave—the two men whom he blamed more than any others for his unhappiness in the village. "Diagnosis, chronic appendicitis. Recommended operation September 10."

As he held the card and checked over the rest of the data he visualized the conference at which he had made that recommendation and the sneering way the blunt old farmer had replied to his suggestion by implying that he had wanted the extra money that the operation would give him.



DRAWING BY A. O. SCOTT

Blanding hoisted Doctor Burke on a horse, the precious case strapped to his shoulders

While he waited he went to the window and looked out into the street, heaped with white softness, a gleam under the light, and showing no mark of passer-by. It would be a bad situation if the case were appendicitis, out there at Audet's. Six miles of impassable road would certainly give him an excuse if he refused to heed the call. The fault was the bigoted father's, not his. He had made the correct recommendation in ample time. A man would be risking his life to go out in such a night.

The bell rang again.

"Yes?—Temperature 102, pulse 100, and tenderness on right side of abdomen, low down. I am afraid you have an attack of acute appendicitis there, Mr. Audet.—No, I am not sure. The history of the case calls for an immediate operation, but, since there is no way I can get there, we will have to do the best we can. Prop his knees up with a pillow and starve him.—No. Nothing but a little water, and have that hot—and apply hot, wet packs. Call me again in an hour or two.—No. Medicine might do harm."

After he had hung up, the little doctor stood at the window again. This would blacken his record. He wanted to be in a condition to be able to say that he had lived up to this agreement to the letter, never failed when called and had given everyone his money's worth; then when he went he could, if he wished, tell them what he thought of their selfish, intolerant lives. He thought of the many little ways in which certain of the contractors had schemed to get more free service from him than the agreement called for and had fought among themselves for prior use of his service. The more unkindly incidents he recalled the surer he was that his record must be kept faultless. He went back to the telephone and called the Audet number.

"I am going to try to get out there," he announced. "Put half a dozen white sheets in the oven and bake them. Have plenty of boiling water."

Then he snapped open his case to see that it contained everything he needed, bundled himself into most of the outdoor clothes that he owned and started for the livery stable, two squares down the street.

It wasn't so cold as he had thought, although the wind made him gasp for breath, so fierce was its pressure. As he went down the steps, sinking finally to his armpits in the dry, fluffy stuff, he had a taste of what was before him. Three times he had to stop and rest before he reached the middle of the street where the wind had hollowed a kind of trough in which the snow was only mid-thigh

deep. Those two squares took fifteen minutes to traverse; when the doctor burst in at the door of the hitch-barn office he was winded, red-faced and trembling at the knee. But his determination was undiminished.

"I want you to take me to Jabe Audet's," he ordered.

"Not tonight!"

"Then will you rent me a horse and let me ride him?"

"No."

"Have you a horse that you will sell? I am going to make the attempt if I have to start on foot."

THE man of horses had begun scratching his head and muttering, "Wall, I d'know as to that," when the talk was cut short by a bewhiskered man who had been sitting by the glowing stove. The doctor recognized him as Jeff Blanding, a farmer living in another neighborhood, who had got caught by the storm and had philosophically settled down to outwait it, leaving the home chores to his half-grown boys.

"Don't mind Jim, Doc," he said, climbing to his feet. "He hasn't lived in the country long enough to realize that a man who won't turn to and help get the doctor through is low enough to crawl under a snake's belly. I have the best pair of snow horses in the county. We'll just naturally snatch the hind shoes off'n them and strike out—they're pretty sharp to waller snow. Taking turns breaking path that way, we've got some sort of a chance if the folks up there turn out. I've got no use for old Jabe Audet, but that's no reason why I wouldn't help get the doctor for his kid."

Fifteen minutes later Blanding hoisted Doctor Burke on a horse, the precious case strapped to his shoulders. "There you are, Doc," said Blanding. "You have eighteen hundred pounds of shire buffalo between your knees. Hang to him, and we'll get some'eres yet."

Through the village the big horses walked easily, thrusting the light snow aside with knees and breast, and the doctor began to hope that he could complete the trip, as he felt the powerful surge, surge of the mighty muscles beneath him. At the last street light they turned west on to the state road into darkness which fought them with hurtling wind and cutting snow particles. Then they started up over the divide. At the top of the first pitch Blanding reined back and let the doctor take the lead. The farmer's mount was panting and the long winter coat was matted with sweat. In five minutes the doctor's mount was in the same condition.

When they changed to let the other horse break trail Blanding sang out above the roar of the wind, "Now we will catch it! I'll bet there is snow in the cuts."

There was. Hardly had they started down into that first hollow when the big horses sank in so that only their heads showed, and instead of surging forward they lunged, rearing and smashing into the snow by sheer weight. In spite of frequent rests both horses were tiring fast. The doctor had it on his lips to say, "We can never make it; let's go back," but he said nothing and a moment later was glad that he had not. The moon, through a rift in the clouds, showed the second valley. Stretched out across it were dozens of black objects marked clearly against the silver snow.

"The boys are out!" roared Blanding. The doctor lifted his face from his turned-up coat collar and made out shovellers, men on horseback and a procession of four teams, hitched to bobs, wallowing to meet them. A moment later they had joined.

"Better get on one of those bobs, Doc. You're all right now. I'll go in here to Dennis's and breathe the team a mite before I start back."

The words were almost snatched from his mouth by the wind. The doctor slid down from his horse, stiffly wallowed over to a bob and sat on it, wrapping himself in the proffered horse blanket from the wind-blown snow clouds. The procession started, the sleds creaking and groaning.

At regular intervals the leading team dropped out and the others crawled past. The horses were black with sweat and panting, the driver beating his chest with flailing arms.

THE little doctor had no consecutive recollection of the progress. All he knew was that by the sheer will power of the inhabitants of that valley he was being carried irresistibly to the sick boy! And these were the men whom he had scorned for the petty scheming against one another and their narrow outlook on life! Half of them he knew were not on speaking terms with the boy's father, but, their enmity forgotten in his need, they were exposing themselves and their stock to the worst storm in years.

The teams stopped. A man with a lantern was standing by his bob. It was Audet. He must be there. He staggered to his feet; then, half carried by the farmer, so stiff was he from the hours of exposure, he went up the walk, which had been shoveled clear to the grit by Audet, who had taken that way of working off his worry. Just before he entered the door he turned back and saw the long line of steaming horses and silent men, already turning to fight their way back to their homes.

Then he was within the overheated house. The boy's mother, a large-framed, square-faced woman with sad eyes, stripped off his outer things and shoved him over the great register in the middle of the living-room floor. All this while Audet, face twitching, was blundering round, in the way, babbling, "Thank God you could get here, doctor. Oh, thank God! The boy's bad, doctor, powerful bad. You were right, doctor. You were right."

"Pin up the sheets, Mrs. Audet," he ordered, ignoring the father. "Make a little room, three sides and the top over the bed, so. We ought to have a sterile room, but we will do the best we can."

Into the dishes of boiling water on the stove he dumped his gloves and instruments and with fingers still stiff and tingling set out gauze and chloroform. "Pump up those lamps," he ordered the father, "and keep up the fire. Mrs. Audet, you should have been a nurse. Next thing is to prepare the patient."

Under his crisp directions she went about her business, and he prepared himself, robe, mask, gloves. As he poured chloroform on cotton and held it to the unconscious boy's face the father uttered a groan and started to leave the room.

"No, sir," ordered the doctor. "Pull on

that spare robe and come here. I need your help with this chloroform."

Humbly the old fellow, working his bushy eyebrows helplessly, obeyed and took his place.

"Remember, the exact number of drops I tell you; not more," the doctor cautioned and set to work.

When at last the three sheeted figures could leave the bedside the father and mother were white-faced and aged with the strain. "Good work!" the doctor congratulated them. "You are both trumps. And you have your boy again; we were in time. Glory! It's come morning!"

The gaunt woman with the sad eyes stooped and kissed him. "God bless you," she whispered and went out into the other room.

The father clutched the doctor's hand. "Doc!" he said. "Doc! If I ever—if you ever—if—"

"That's all right, Mr. Audet. That is what doctors are for."

Then, embarrassed by the man's effort to express his gratitude, he hurried to answer a call to the telephone.

"I'll get there as soon as I can." He hung up. "That Jennings girl is about through at Henry's. She can come here now, and she's had experience enough to guide you. She is so near that she can be brought. I have to start at once for the village."

He went to the telephone and picked off the receiver. In his ear sounded a dim voice. Before he could hang up he heard, "So he says, 'Will you sell me one, then?' and the little tyke would have bought one of the old crowbait and started out if Jeff hadn't been there. There is the Doc for you. No bigger than a pint of cider, but thinks he weighs a ton. It ain't how big they are, but what is inside of them that counts."

He hung up and said, "The line is busy."

You call her, Mrs. Audet. Tell her I said she was to come at once. I'll come again when the roads are open."

The trip home was easier. The strain was gone. Ruddy faces beamed, heavy voices hailed him. "Hey, Doc. Hear you are going into the horse business. I got a thirty-year-old speed horse that's a good one for the shape she is in. What will you give me for her?"

THE doctor realized that never before since he had come to town had anyone joked him. It had been "Doctor Burke" and stiff dignity. Now the manner of speech showed that he was regarded as one of the "folks." Now he was proud to belong.

Then he was in the village. The tired team turned in to the hitch barn, and he took his bag and started up the newly shoveled sidewalk. At the first corner he met Dave Audet. The old demagogue stepped

into the deep snow on one side and took off his hat. The doctor nodded and passed him, then, turning, glanced round to see for whom the mark of respect was intended. There was no one on the street but himself. In spite of himself he flushed, and flushed again as he remembered that every man they had passed on the street had uncovered.

He hurried into his office for a clean robe and other supplies. The college paper was still open on the desk. He picked it up and read:

Williams, J. J., '16, has been commended by the American College of Surgery for having successfully, etc.

Then he laughed happily. The print had blurred, and in its place had come a picture of old Dave Audet standing, waist deep in snow, bareheaded, to let him pass.

"There are others," he said aloud, chuckled the magazine into the waste basket and hurried out upon his well-loved business.

The Adventures of William Tucker

By GEORGE HALSEY GILLHAM

VIII. Hamon Turns Up Again

ONCE more the Ocean Queen was afloat and ready to navigate the great river. We thanked all our kind Mississippi friends at the scene of the wreck for their open-handed assistance in our time of need, then worked out into the current with the determination to make as good time as possible until we found Hamon. As we now had almost no stock left, we got into the middle of the channel, and with the assistance of Abe on the sweeps we soon reached Vicksburg.

Charley, who was cashier and bookkeeper, informed us that our total profits to date had been five hundred and twenty-five dollars and some cents. We had made two hundred dollars from the chill tonic, one hundred dollars on our first stock, one hundred and seventy-five on the stock purchased at Helena, and fifty dollars from other sources. Our only expenses had been for ice, a second-hand ice box, Abe's small wages, groceries for our table, one privilege license and a little expense in connection with the wreck.

We climbed up the long hill to the city of Vicksburg and lost no time in buying a full new stock. We found the wholesale merchants most obliging, and by noon of the next day the Ocean Queen store was packed to overflowing with attractive new goods. Hicks had made and painted two small sign boards for the store. One read "Drugs" and the other "Pop on Ice." He hung these just below our big business sign on the forward deck. Our mercantile stock was now the largest we had ever had aboard.

As the sun was descending over the Louisiana shore on our right, we floated out from Vicksburg and continued that night without a landing.

THE next day, as we floated down from landing to landing, we began to hear about Bullard's sawmill, which the people of that region called "Bullard's band mill." By this they meant to signify that the mill was not one of the old-fashioned kind, which sawed the logs by means of a circular saw. A band mill saws with a long, flexible steel saw that runs over wheels like a belt, or band. The output of one of these band mills is generally very large. We decided to stop at this big band mill, which was not very many miles below, on the Louisiana side.

We tied up in a creek alongside the great lumber yard of Bullard's mill. Several hundred negroes were employed here at good wages, and we saw at once we could do a lot of business. Charley and John and I walked all over the mill and examined every detail of machinery and construction.

The mill, which was in full operation, was a giant affair. The great logs of cypress, pine, oak, hickory, gum and many other woods were hauled in from the forests on a narrow-gauge railroad. The trees were felled and cut in sections and loaded on log wagons drawn by oxen or mules. The wagons brought the logs to certain places where they were pulled up on the flat cars. There were several small locomotives busily puffing about the lumber yards to our great interest and amusement. These little engines burned wood.

The logs were dumped on a band, drawn

up into the mill by a big chain, and placed on a "carriage" which ran back and forth by the side of the swiftly moving band saw. As the "sawyer," standing on the rear end of the carriage, pulled a big lever, the carriage would move forward on its wheels upon a steel track, carrying a log, perhaps five or six or seven feet in diameter. But these band mills can saw logs of almost any size. That is one great advantage they have over a circular-saw mill. The great log would strike the band saw, and there would be an awful humming and buzzing and howling and flying of sawdust, but before you had time to catch your breath twice a big wide board would be sawed off the side of the log as straight as could be. Then the "sawyer" would reverse the big lever, and the carriage would run quickly back to repeat the operation, time after time—all day long, and sometimes all night long, too.

We went back to the Queen and found Hicks and Abe were doing a big business with the mill hands, all of whom seemed to have money. We decided we had better wash up and go over to Captain Bullard's office and pay our respects. We put on clean shirts and blacked our shoes and made ourselves as presentable as possible.

The captain was in his office and gave us a cordial welcome when we told him our names and explained what we were doing. He also knew of Charley's father's firm. He was a

large man, weighing about two hundred and sixty pounds. His face was red and freckled. Wherever he went he carried a small hand bag, or valise. The sole contents of this bag were the captain's revolver, or "cannon," by which name everyone in that section knew it. As the pistol was too large to be carried in any pocket, he devised this means of transportation for his artillery.

He invited us to go over to his house with him for dinner. We accepted with thanks. The captain picked up his little valise containing his "cannon," and we marched out with him in the hot sun to his house.

WHEN we had arrived on the shady veranda the captain introduced us to Mrs. Bullard and his two sons, Tom and Henry, who were several years older than we were. We had a grand dinner; the Bullards were as hospitable as they could be. We wanted to do something to show our appreciation, so we asked Tom and Henry to come with us to the Ocean Queen.

They were interested in the Queen; we got out some of the tents and spread them on the bank. Tom and Henry then suggested that we go on a "camp hunt." So the next morning we left Hicks and Abe to run the store, loaded four or five tents, three logs and a lot of other things on one of the little locomotives and went off at a high speed through the great forest. We tipped and swayed and

bumped along, until I thought we should certainly jump the track, but Tom only looked back and laughed and ran a little faster. We went out to the end of one of the branches and stopped at a point about five miles from the mill.

We were accompanied by two young colored men, who put up the tents and did all the cooking and other work. We all had shotguns and plenty of ammunition. I went with Henry Bullard, and John and Charley set out with Tom. Charley won the honors of the day by marching into camp that night with a big wild turkey gobbler hanging over his back. We ate this gobbler during the next day. If there is anything better to eat than a wild turkey, I have never been so fortunate as to find it.

Late the next afternoon, as Henry and I were tramping along on either bank of a small creek, following some turkeys we had heard calling and gobbling, we came round a bend of the creek, and there right in front of me was Hamon's shanty boat, hidden away in a beautiful little pocket, covered by overhanging limbs. I stopped instantly. Neither Hamon nor Ginnie was to be seen. I backed off as cautiously as I could and managed to attract the attention of Henry, by motioning to him. He came over to me, but at first I could scarcely get him to understand the situation. As we walked back to camp I told Henry all about Hamon and our efforts to capture him. Henry was at once determined that Hamon should never get back to the Mississippi River.

We broke camp at once, sending one of the colored boys through the woods a mile or so to a spur track where there was an engine and flat-car train waiting for logs. The engine came after us about dark, and we started back for the mill.

THAT night we all gathered on Captain Bullard's front porch and organized a posse to capture Hamon. Captain Bullard said we had better surround the shanty boat the next morning a little before daylight and wait for Hamon to come out. The captain said he would then order Hamon to throw up his hands, and if Hamon failed to do so we would take him by force. Besides the three owners of the Y. & M. V. Navigation Co., the party was to be composed of Captain Bullard, his two sons and four or five citizens who had reputations as bear hunters and good shots. There was also a little Frenchman who insisted on being allowed to go with us. He was an undertaker by the name of Dumas. He may have had an eye for business, but, as you will see directly, he came very near being his own customer.

Very early the next morning we boarded a flat car and rode out to within a quarter of a mile of Hamon's boat. We could have gone closer, but we were afraid of arousing his suspicions. The log road track passed within a hundred yards of his boat.

Most of our party were armed with rifles and pistols, but Mr. Dumas had an old single-barrel shotgun, loaded with buckshot. We carefully crept toward Hamon's boat under the direction of Captain Bullard, until we formed a semicircle around the lair of this desperate criminal.



DRAWING BY RODNEY THOMSON

John did the prettiest flying leap for life of any of us

We had to wait a long time. Not a sound did we hear until the sun was well above the horizon. Then we could hear noises in the boat, and I knew something would happen in a few minutes. At last Hamon came out on his forward deck in his shirt sleeves, and yawned and stretched. Then he walked up the bank, perfectly oblivious of our presence.

"Throw up your hands!" cried Captain Bullard.

Hamon instantly crouched like a tiger, and I saw his hand go to his belt for his knife.

"Throw up your hands; you're under arrest!" shouted the captain again, but Hamon, knife in hand, dashed forward straight at Dumas. The undertaker was so excited that he pulled the trigger of his gun while it was yet pointed straight upward through the branches of a hickory tree. It went off with a terrible noise and the hickory nuts rained down. Hamon gave little Dumas a blow in the eye and knocked him over; his head struck on the bank of the creek.

Then Captain Bullard's cannon boomed as Hamon ran through the underbrush.

Bang-boom-bang! went all the other guns and pistols in a general broadside, but Hamon had too much cover and was running too fast. Nothing stopped him.

"There he goes down the railroad track. Catch him!" cried the captain.

In a moment we saw Hamon jump on a hand-car, which was standing on a spur track, and begin to pump like a demon. He was flying down the track in the same direction we had come with our engine and flat car that morning.

On the captain's orders Tom Bullard ran down the track at his very best speed for our engine and car. He soon came back with it, but we could see the steam was low.

All of us, except Dumas, who had already started for home on foot, climbed aboard, some on the engine and some on the flat car. We could still see Hamon between a quarter and a half mile ahead of us and going strong. Henry Bullard was a very efficient fireman. Faster and faster went the little locomotive, until her small driving wheels were fairly flying. We began to overtake Hamon. We could see him looking back at us. I thought that at last this old thief would certainly be captured.

As we drew still nearer and the captain was preparing to let go with his "cannon" again, Hamon reached down into a tool box, which we learned afterwards was on the hand-car, and pulled up a piece of very heavy log chain about eight or ten feet long. He held this outstretched in his two long arms, and before we knew what he was about he dropped the chain across one of the rails.

Tom instantly reversed the engine and put on the brakes, but it was too late. Our speed was too great. We could not stop in time.

WE hit the chain; the engine and car jumped the track and turned over on the side of the roadbed. We were all thrown off heels over heads, but John did the prettiest flying leap for life of any of us. He was standing on the front end of the flat car, on the side on which the chain had been dropped. He was catapulted into the air in a sitting posture, with his legs sticking straight out in front. He sailed forward through space for fifteen or twenty feet and then, in this sitting position, lit, like a hydroplane, upon the surface of the water in a long "barrow pit" beside the railroad. In this pit there was two or three inches of water over a bed of slick, slimy, tar-black mud. John slid through this "barrow pit" for a distance of twenty-five or thirty feet and brought up with a bump against solid ground at the farther end. When he climbed out and turned toward us, his face was as black as Abe's. He was plastered with mud all over. He began to gesticulate and try to explain something. I do not know what in the world he was trying to explain, but that is what he did.

One of the men got his foot caught under the cab of the engine and broke his leg, but none of the others of us was injured.

Captain Bullard sent Tom through the woods to a log camp a mile away to get another engine and car. As this engine had to go back several miles to get on our track, it was nearly an hour before it arrived.

We helped the injured man aboard and returned to the point where we had surrounded Hamon's boat. We got off and walked across to the creek, but, as I well knew would be the case, Hamon's shanty boat was nowhere to be seen.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

What Is He Like at Work?—5

Bruce Barton

By BEN DUFFY



"No soldiering on the job"

I HAVE been asked to give you a picture of this remarkable man, because I started in his company as an office boy, six years ago, and I have therefore had a good chance to see if he practices what he preaches.

Bruce Barton writes editorials and articles for many magazines, and few authors are more beloved than he. He is also president of one of the largest advertising agencies in America. This combination is an extremely unusual one. Authors of established reputation seldom have the pluck and ability to go into business at the same time; and few advertising men, after a hard day in the office, have the strength and energy left to write articles and books on subjects wholly unconnected with their business.

Everybody asks questions about Bruce Barton, and whenever I meet friends outside the office they say: "What kind of fellow is this Barton, anyway? Does he take his own advice? Is he a real optimist, or only one on paper? Is he pleasant to work with?"

I will try to answer these questions in order.

BRUCE BARTON is a big, well-built man of about forty. I believe he was a fairly good tackle or guard at Amherst, and he keeps in good condition by visiting a gymnasium three or four times a week. He wears a plain, dark suit—no jewelry or insignia—and a stiff collar. He had been a newspaper boy, traveling salesman, laborer on a railroad construction gang, farm hand and several other things before he started to be a writer. Born in Robbins, Tenn., he was raised entirely in small towns, like so many others of our leading men today. When he talks he always manages to say something. You might not gather from reading his books that he has a strong sense of humor, but it comes out when you talk with him. I never saw him "high-hat" anybody; in fact, he is more likely to be courteous to office boys and stenographers and delivery men than to pretentious individuals who have no real claim on his notice. I have often seen him stop for a long chat with a messenger boy in the hall; and I am sure the boy will always remember him. He likes boys who work; he used to be one of them. He is the father of two boys and also has one girl.

"Let's put the prettiest and best-mannered girl in this company in our outer office to greet visitors," he said one day. "Many of the callers are messenger boys, and they will be the corporation presidents of tomorrow. When I am old I should like them to say: 'I was always well treated at Barton's office when I went there to shine shoes or deliver a telegram.'"

Does he take his own advice? In other words, is he cheerful, and open-minded, and free from prejudice, and disposed to respect the other fellow's opinion; and does he work hard and enthusiastically? This is the advice he gives in his editorials, although he usually conveys it by telling interesting stories about famous people and letting you draw your own moral from them.

Bruce Barton can be impatient, like the rest of us. He grew tired, years ago, of all the elaborate ways that idle persons have invented to pass the time away. He avoids banquets and similar functions as much as possible, because he would much rather be at home with his family or with a book. When people ask him to go on committees for some perfectly useless purpose, like the suppression of gum-chewing in the subway, he can turn a very deaf ear. But he seems able to hear an interesting remark a mile away. That is why he is a fine interviewer of the world's greatest men. He has great skill in persuading them to say the really interesting things they think.

I should say that Bruce Barton is cheerful about forty-one days in every six weeks. On the forty-second day he feels stupid and cross, but he has found a cure for it. He gets up, thinks he will be of no use to himself or anyone else that day and goes straight back to bed again with a good book. The day is not wasted, however. He is like a battery being recharged. He masters something like a volume of Emerson's journals or

which he can put his whole self enthusiastically."

There is no catch in this remark, if you study it carefully. Enthusiasm is a rare thing. We see many people who lounge and shuffle through the day's work, with one eye on the clock and with their minds largely fixed on some grievance. This kills enthusiasm. Men who know him well tell me that, when a magazine of which he was editor failed on account of war conditions in 1918, Barton never complained or mentioned the words "hard luck." He went out quietly to build up his fortunes all over again.

Now that he is earning a large income he might lunch with other well-to-do men at the Ritz Hotel across the street from our office. But he slips round to a drug store, where he can get crackers and milk. That takes less time, and he comes back with unimpaired digestion and a clear head—and puts whole-hearted effort into his work.

I do not find anywhere in his books a statement that you get a thing without work, merely because you long for it. There is no soldiering on the job either in Bruce Barton's philosophy or in his life. He comes to the office early, and in the evening, when most of us are on the way home, he is still at work. A few weeks ago a notice was sent round the office. It read:

"Although next Tuesday is not a legal holiday, the office will be closed. However, those whose work requires attention are expected to be on hand."

Many people would take this as an invitation to practice up on their golf games, but Tuesday found Bruce Barton still working as hard as ever, and it was well into the evening before he went home. No wonder he can say in his book, *Better Days*:

"Personally, I cannot see much difference between the man who refuses to work because he has five dollars in his pocket and the man who refuses because he has a million. Both are a nuisance in a busy world and ought to be treated as such."

Bruce Barton is a hard fighter. He has had to fight every step of the way, and he can look back on two or three bad reverses. "Like Truth," he once said with a smile, "I have grown accustomed to being crushed to earth. It doesn't worry me as much as it used to."

A PREVIOUS paragraph contained a word you may have noticed—the word "war." It has been blamed for many things. Not unlike everything else, it has a better side to it. For one thing, it brought our country cousins from Maine to California together. Young men throughout the Middle West, the South and Far West had the chance to visit metropolitan cities, such as Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. They fought and associated with people they had never seen before. War romances were not unusual. It was during his war work that Bruce Barton became associated with Roy S. Durstine and Alex F. Osborn. After the war, in 1919, these three men started the advertising agency of Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., which today ranks among the leading advertising agencies in the world.

There is no suggestion anywhere in Barton's books that the ordinary man like you and me can become a superman—unless he pays the price for it. There is no loose "uplift." I once knew an editor who said his job was to keep every reader in a sort of happy daze, just by saying that "there's a better day coming," and so forth. There is nothing like that in Barton. He believes that better days come only if you deserve them and set out whole-heartedly to capture them. It makes little difference, according to his ideas, whether you are a farmer in Iowa or a mechanic in Seattle, a storekeeper in the heart of New York City or a manufacturer in New England. Everybody has the same chance of making a comfortable living—provided, as Barton would say, "you put your whole self into your job enthusiastically."

His business life is about half over. Nobody can forecast what the future holds for him. But he is an example that every boy in America might follow; he has found work that he likes, and does it with his whole heart.

Dr. Harvey Cushing's life of Sir William Osler. As he reads he makes notes; and from these notes he takes stories and facts for his editorials.

A woman of some authority has said that all men are like children, and that Bruce Barton is no different in this connection. "What are the most outstanding things that make you think of him as a child?" I asked. "For one thing," she said, "he is enthusiastic. He is easily pleased," she continued, "and easily hurt. At work he is considerate, easy to work with and systematic; his dictation and letter-writing are taken care of the first thing in the morning."

He turns out, each working day, an enormous volume of work. Advertisements are hard to write; they demand great compression, and they have to be vivid, complete and convincing. Bruce Barton can write a dozen in an average morning, and each one may have taken an hour of thought and study previously. He will pore over a technical journal for a long time before he finds (often in a footnote) the material for an advertisement that will attract the attention of readers all over America. But when he writes, he writes. He doesn't scratch things out and tear up many rough drafts, or sit waiting for inspiration. His material is well arranged in his mind before he touches the typewriter. Like most good writers of English, he is very familiar with the Bible. It was his regular reading in the country towns where he was brought up.

There are few men who can quote the Bible as readily as Bruce Barton. Perhaps this is an inheritance from his father, the Rev. Dr. William E. Barton, a well-known authority on the life of Abraham Lincoln.

WHEN a boy, Barton had no spending money, except, of course, when he earned it. There were no luxuries in his father's house. He says that every extra dime seemed to go for books and more books. But the Bible came first, and his ease and force and conciseness in writing are surely derived from it.

Is he a real optimist, or only one on paper? I have looked carefully through nearly everything he has written, and I have seen him almost every day for years; and I think there is no difference between the things he preaches and the things he does. "I write editorials," he remarked many years ago, before his income from those editorials had reached many thousands of dollars a year, "because I love writing them; and, loving the work, I know I shall some day make a comfortable living out of it, for there is a competency for any man in any work into

FACT AND COMMENT

A GOOD BOOK and a good woman are both very excellent things. But beware of estimating them as some foolish men do, from nothing but the beauty of their covering.—The Youth's Companion, March 24, 1831.

What You'd do Tomorrow, do Today.
What You'd do Today, do Right Away.

ANOTHER USE seems to have been found for helium, the inert, noninflammable gas that is used for inflating the American dirigible balloons. One of the dangers of deep-sea diving is the absorption of nitrogen by the blood. Recent experiments indicate that a mixture of helium and oxygen will permit divers to descend to depths greater than have been attained, and to ascend more rapidly without danger.

THE WORD RESOLUTION has two distinct and very different meanings, and curiously enough both of them spring from the same Latin word. One meaning is determination, "sand," "grit"—the quality that sticks to a task till it is done, no matter how hard it is or what obstacles hinder. The other meaning is a melting, a dissolving, a separation into constituent parts or elements. Both meanings may fit New Year's resolutions. It is for you to decide which one is going to fit yours.

"**SELF-PRESERVATION** is 'the first law of life,'" runs the old saying. Never was there a more misleading statement. This is the season when carelessness and thin ice fill the papers with news of drowning accidents. Hardly one account lacks word of some hitherto-inconspicuous hero who risks and often loses his life in an attempt at rescue. And what shall we say of the little nine-year-old girl who, though safe herself, rushes into a burning house and dies in trying to drag her baby brother to safety? Christ's saying, "He that loseth his life," shows a far more penetrating knowledge than the old cynical saying about self-preservation.

GROUND HOG DAY

LAST Tuesday was the second of February. On that day every country-bred Yankee looked with interest if not anxiety at the sky, to see what that sagacious old meteorologist, the woodchuck, was likely to say about the weather for the next forty days. If on his way to the brook to get his first spring drink the old fellow sees his shadow, he returns to his den, warned that there are to be six weeks more of winter. If he does not see it, he stays out and plays about, for the winter is as good as over.

It is a wonderfully comforting belief, for it can be reconciled with either outcome. You will notice the tradition does not say, "If the woodchuck *can* see his shadow," but, "If the woodchuck *does* see his shadow." The woodchuck may be blind, or he may deliberately turn his back to his shadow, or the brook may lie in the direction of the sun from his burrow. If you make the necessary allowances, the thing invariably works.

But it was not always thus. Only in the last three hundred years, and only in this country, has the woodchuck possessed his marvelous and inscrutable gift. The Pilgrims bestowed it on him, and their descendants have left him in unquestioned possession of it; but, though they did not know it, the people from whom the Pilgrims descended got the belief from sources that were remote both in time and in place. When the Crusaders under Peter the Hermit returned from the Holy Land they brought many things that they had not sought. Among other strange beliefs that they took from the Saracens was the myth that when the bears and the wolves went on a certain day from their caves to the brook the weather for the next month or so would be determined by the animals' seeing or not seeing their shadows. The Saracens had the myth from the Egyptians, and they, perhaps, from earlier and cruder races. By the returned Crusaders it was spread through Germany, France and England. But there were no bears or wolves in England, and so the otter fell heir to their wisdom, and in America the mantle descended upon the humble woodchuck.

How nobly he fulfills his high office in your neighborhood you can judge by noticing what the weather was on February 2, and then observing what kind of days follow it.



Miss Jane Addams, famous pioneer in organized social work, at her desk in Hull House, Chicago

MY GREETING TO THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

By Jane Addams

A HUNDRED years since The Youth's Companion first gladdened the hearts of youthful America! A successful century of the first journal devoted to young people!

That is a remarkable record for any institution in this swiftly changing land of ours, and I am glad to join in greeting The Youth's Companion and its readers, many of them the great-great-grandchildren of the boys and girls who first knew it. The very existence of The Youth's Companion, and of the juvenile literature that has followed in its train, is responsible for the altered attitude of adults toward children and of children toward adults that has marked our era as the century of the child. Some of the best minds of the last fifty years have been devoted to ascertaining how children may be most wisely fed, clothed and educated. Parents and teachers have benefited quite as much as the children from these labors. Healthier, happier people—grown-ups as well as children—are the product of the century of the child.

One of the finest aspects of this changed attitude of adults toward children is its universality. The least favored child of the least favored family benefits from this new attitude when he goes to public schools, which have as their motive his all-round development rather than his inadequate drill in the three R's; when he goes to the clinic, which frees him of the abnormal growths that hamper his mental and physical development, corrects his defective eyesight, takes care of his teeth and builds up his badly nourished body.

The last decade has witnessed a rapid spread of "child guidance clinics" at which children who are unhappy and unable to adjust themselves to their environment are

helped to solve their problems. At these clinics parents and teachers are likewise enlightened. When The Youth's Companion was founded such children would ordinarily have been punished as "stubborn and incorrigible." Misconduct after they grew a bit older would have been even more harshly dealt with.

It is only twenty-seven years ago that the first juvenile court in the world was started—I am happy to say in Chicago. Only seventeen years ago a psychopathic clinic was opened in connection with it. It was much later that the state itself founded the Institute for Juvenile Research. This corps of trained probation officers and psychiatrists make us realize that in every case there is some underlying cause for so-called "bad conduct." The causes for misconduct are not yet fully understood, but a sincere effort is being made to fathom the secrets of the mind and of the emotions. Scientists already know enough to sympathize with the child and to make him realize that he is understood.

All these changes have come about because people realize the importance and promise of childhood. The founding of The Youth's Companion in 1827 was one of the first manifestations of that changed attitude. The founder perceived that children had interests of their own. He encouraged them to express themselves, to have confidence in their own point of view. As children more and more came into their own, other publications cultivated that rich and growing field. At Hull House the children have always enjoyed the dean of children's magazines, and it has been the most popular one in the Boys' Club reading-room. Here is to another century of happy service to young America!

MINCE PIE

PIE, like death, hath all seasons for its down, and there are dyspeptic souls who will say that the two are aptly linked. But certain kinds of pie are sacred to certain definite seasons—rhubarb to the spring, cherry to June and early July, blueberry to the summer months and cranberry to the fall and winter. Only apple pie is perennial. We are now in the midst of the reign of the mince pie, which in the beginning was exclusively a Christmas pie, the kind from which the well-known Jack Horner extracted the equally well-known "plum."

But how few of us, when we take sixty degrees of the delectable dish on our plates, and with sheeplike un-originality begin to eat it at the apex of the triangle, give a thought to its history and the vicissitudes through which it has passed!

The first mince pies were baked in deep trough-shaped dishes lined with dough and filled with all kinds of highly-spiced forcemeats, covered with a top crust; and they were baked only at Christmas time and had a peculiar significance, for the shape of the dish was supposed to represent the manger in which the infant Savior lay. The spices, then a rare and expensive luxury, were symbols of the gifts that the Wise Men brought.

There came that dark period when religious intolerance cast its sombre cloak over the joys of Christmastide, and mince pie was banished as a vain and idolatrous thing. In 1644, when the English Parliament abolished the observance of "the three grand festivities" of Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide, mince pie was automatically banned. A few years later the Massachusetts Legislature passed a similar law, and so for more than a decade there were no Christmases and no mince pies; and when the icy rigor of the Puritan conscience began to thaw a little, and the noble dish returned to favor, it was in a new form. The old, manger-shaped dishes were gone, and the round plate of today had taken their place.

The change was an improvement, for who could eat an oblong pie so accurately and impartially as to satisfy both those who prefer a corner lot and those who will have only a lot fronting on one street? Triangulation, on the other hand, is an exact matter and easily mastered.

Ah! Thank you. Only a small piece this time.

TIME LOST IN EDUCATION

A WRITER discussing college education in a recent periodical finds that the academic year, excluding vacations and holidays, consists of about seven full months. In other words, a four-years course actually covers twenty-eight working months; the student has a year and eight months in which he may be doing work unconnected with his academic course or contributory to it—or in which he may be merely wasting his time.

With the period of preparation for a profession increasing in length, the colleges must find some method of eliminating the loss of time that the traditional schedule imposes. There are now some colleges in which a student can carry on his work continuously and take the degree in three years or even less. But most colleges are so organized that they would find it difficult to make the readjustment necessary. The members of the teaching staff need the long summer vacation; at least, it is a tradition that they need it, in order to pursue the study and research that are essential to their usefulness.

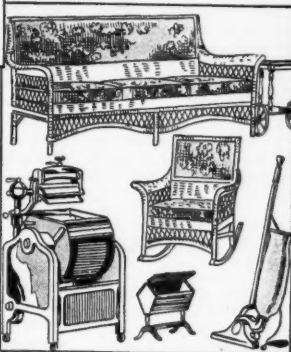
Apparently, if college professors are not to be confined to the routine that most business men and professional men accept as necessary, a routine that permits only one vacation a year, of from two weeks to a month,—the only alternative solution is to be found in enlarging the staffs of the colleges. Such enlargement would mean increasing the cost of education; but this increase would be more apparent than real, since the term of college education would be reduced proportionally. The principal difficulty probably would be in filling the enlarged quota of instructors and professors with men of the requisite caliber and training.

Undoubtedly there would be some disadvantages in putting through such a scheme of reform. But that the existing system is wasteful can hardly be questioned.



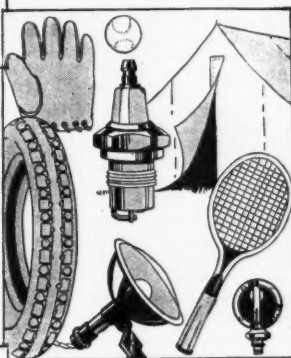
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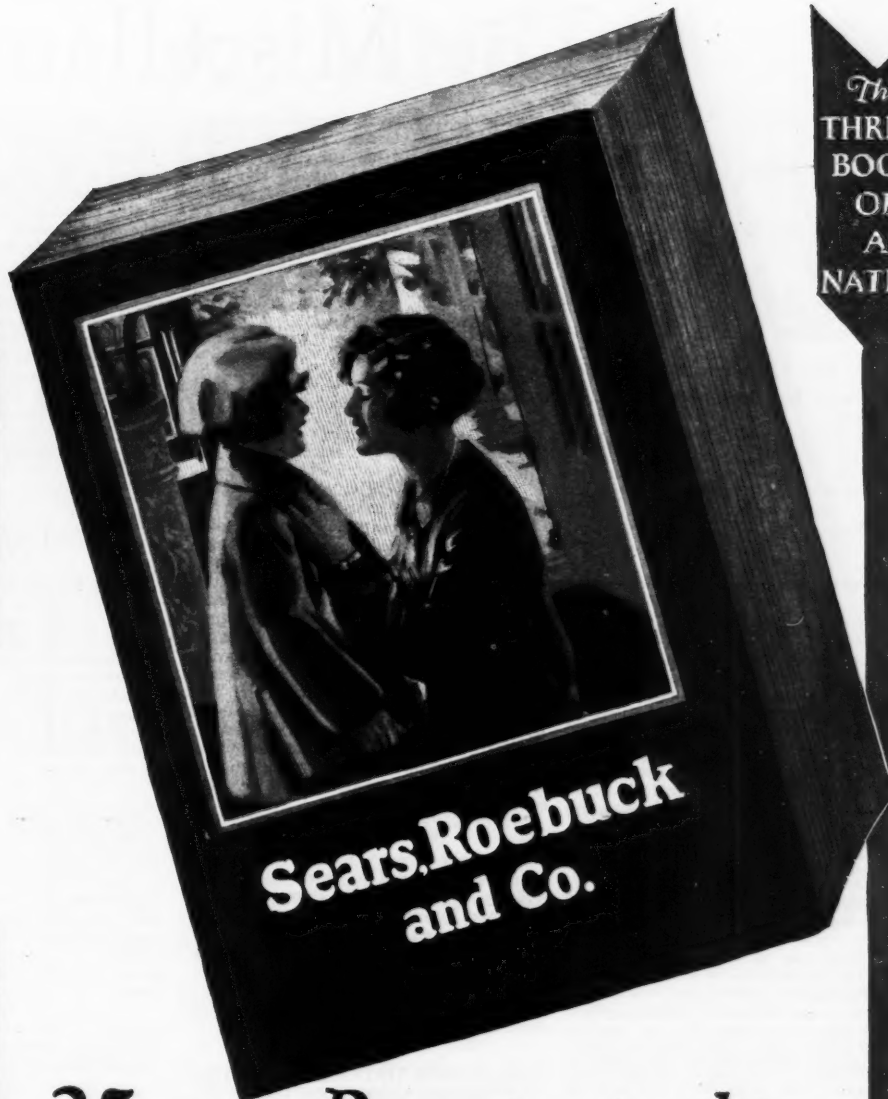
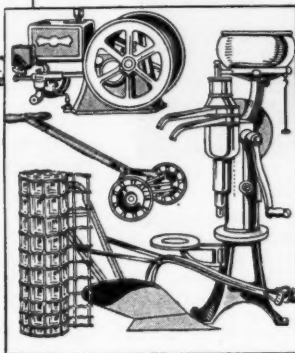
Men order from the World's Largest Store because they find it convenient and economical. Style apparel and sturdy work clothing are displayed at attractive prices in our new catalog. Nine million families buy from the book of 35,000 bargains. You should have it, too!

All aboard for Vacation-land! A tent, a cooking outfit, a cot, your car—and the open road! Let us help you enjoy your vacation. The things you want are in our new catalog at the lowest prices quality goods can be bought. Guaranteed, of course.



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The Miscellany Page

February



The Quilting Bee

The women shaped the cloth of many hues
And joined the blocks with stitches
firm and neat;
And when the quilts were done in reds
and blues
The youngsters came in time for
things to eat.

Arthur Guileman

PASSING IT ON

A YOUNG girl, in a critical hour of her life, was aided by a Christian woman of tact. "How," she asked her benefactress, "can I ever repay you for this unmeasured kindness to me?"

"Don't try," was the prompt reply. "Just 'pass it on' to some one else in need of help. If you pay me, the deal would be closed. 'Pass it on' with the understanding that the one you help shall do the same. Thus each helper becomes a link in an endless chain, whose good works only Eternity can reveal."

The woman who aided this homeless girl shall be known in this sketch as Anna Mary. It seems that the pathway of life that she trod must have been holy ground.

When the last of her possessions, including the fine furnishings of her home, had passed into other hands she smiled encouragingly upon her five dependent children, saying: "It is not so bad as it might be. Of course, it is inconvenient to live in this little cottage, and uncomfortable to be poor. But it is no disgrace. I still have my children, and you have your mother."

This tenderly reared woman, who, at the time of her widowhood, had never earned a dollar, became, through courageously, perseveringly facing life's sterner realities, a competent breadwinner. She assiduously implanted in her children's hearts the truth that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die"; that principle, honor, truth and perseverance are essential weapons in the warfare of life; that the humblest toil is honorable; that it is that which soils the soul, rather than the body, that contaminates. Unselfishness was the keynote of Anna Mary's life. The poor, the incompetent, the unfortunate girl or boy who had made a misstep, all found in her a wise counselor—a friend. She was ever a power for good in the community; always willing to watch at the bedside of the sick. No one ever was turned hungry from her door.

When unable to clothe her children suitably for Sunday school, she would gather them round her on Sunday while she read from the dear old Book its story of God's love, the poetry of the Psalms, the historical truths handed down from the beginning of time. From her the children learned how much great literature is founded on the Bible, and they early became familiar with its teachings. When they were tempted to hasty or selfish acts her quiet "What does God's word say?" halted them.

Men of all classes lifted their hats in deference in passing Anna Mary. Little children smiled up into her face. Who can estimate her influence over those young people, now scattered in many parts of the world, even though her own sphere was limited to the little town where she lived?

SNOWBALLING THE AUTHOR OF SNOWBOUND

IN a recent modest little volume of reminiscences, Whittier at Close Range, Miss Frances Sparhawk brings out clearly the fun-loving and fun-creating characteristics of the gentle and dignified Quaker poet.

These had been always so well known to

his friends that when, after the publication of *Snowbound*, Harriet Livermore heard of his description of her therein as the "not unfear'd, half-welcome guest," she merely remarked without resentment, "He always was a saucy boy!"

It is difficult to imagine that he was ever quite that; but he retained in his beautiful old age a delightful sympathy with the innocent sauciness of youth. Little girls, equally saucy, perhaps, but usually less obstreperous than little boys, he decidedly preferred to their brothers. But Miss Sparhawk's anecdotes recall to a temporary neighbor of the poet's one meeting with a very saucy small boy indeed which resulted in honors being easy.

The boy, aged about six, threw a snowball at the revered author of *Snowbound*, and hit him. A horrified neighbor who saw the outrage reported to the culprit's mother, and she questioned her son.

"Yeth," he admitted, "I gueth I did. I didn't know hith name, but I threw a snowball at a tall old gentlemen yetherday, and he muth be the one. But he thaid it wath all right if I din't bully him any more, and I promised I wouldn't bully him, and I haven't, tho I don't thee why ith nethe-thary to thcold me about it, mama-dear."

Mama-dear, looked at the extremely small offender and remembered Mr. Whittier's tall figure. "Did he say—did he use the word 'bully'?" she inquired, gravely.

"Yeth," confessed the aggressor, "he did thay 'bully'; but he wath bigger than I am; and I didn't know he wath a Quaker till he eckthplained to me."

"Oh!" said mama. "So he did explain to you?"

"He thaid he wath a Quaker, and Quakers aren't allowed to fight, and it wath bullying to hit anybody that couldn't hit back, and I muthn't be a bully. Tho I thaid I wouldn't, and we thook handth, and now we're friendth—and, mama-dear, you aren't going to thcold, are you?"

"No," agreed mama-dear, as gravely as she could, "not if you keep your word and don't bully Mr. Whittier again."

THE JUDGE HAD REACHED THE YEARS OF DISCRETION

ALL authorities on the subject advise against exposing yourself recklessly to a burglar's pistol—for most burglars will shoot if they are cornered. The cautious and discreet course is that outlined by the judge in this story told by Whiting in the Boston Herald:



THE BATTLE OF GLASGOW

THE college boys at the British Universities are no more dignified than American students when the mood for foolishness is on them. They have no systematic hazing of freshmen, and no rough and tumble "rushes" for the first copy of the college annual; but at Oxford and Cambridge they "rag" the recipients of honorary degrees on Commencement Day in a way that shocks American visitors, and in more than one University the annual election of rector or chancellor is an excuse for a free fight of very respectable proportions. The offices mentioned are honorary in character: the holder of either of them has no regular duties like those of the president of an

The story concerns Judge Burke, well known in the northwestern corner of the United States. It was related to us by a friend in Taunton. It happened that Mrs. Burke one night thought she heard a burglar in the house, and so she woke the judge. He thereupon, with signal heroism, took a revolver in his hand and started for the stairs. At this gesture and movement of bravery approaching recklessness, Mrs. Burke's fears for her husband's safety overcame her admiration for his course and even her dread of the continued presence of the burglar in the house; so she put her hand on his arm and said:

"But what if he doesn't run?"

The judge paused long enough to turn and face his anxious wife and observed with that admirable poise essential to a successful career on the bench:

"Then I will."

FISHING WITH AN ELECTRIC CURRENT

ABOUT twenty-seven years ago my father was working for a street-car company in Minneapolis, as operator of a power plant on the Mississippi River. One day a dynamo had to be tested, and to regulate the amount of current used a water rheostat was constructed in the tail-race back of the power house. This rheostat consisted of two large metal plates set in the water a short distance apart and connected by wires to the dynamo in the power house. By moving the plates closer together or farther apart the resistance of the circuit could be varied. This arrangement regulated the current as desired.

When the current was turned on to test the dynamo it was observed that fish began to rise to the surface of the water in the immediate vicinity of the two plates. They were completely paralyzed by the electricity, and they came to the surface with their bellies up and quivering. When the current was turned off the fish came to life and swam away.

When he saw that the fish were always affected in this way by the electric current my father concluded that they could be caught while in this helpless condition. He obtained a large iron plate and attached a long piece of insulated wire to it. He fastened the plate in the water at about two-thirds of the total depth. The other end of the wire was brought into the power house and connected to a source of electricity behind the switchboard. There did not need to be a second plate. The current would flow from the plate through the water in all directions

and return to the power house through the ground.

The scheme worked perfectly, for when the current was turned on at the switchboard all the fish in the immediate vicinity of the plate would slowly but surely rise to the surface. When the current was turned off they would swim away as before.

After that, and whenever some one in the power house wanted any fish, they would turn on the current. Then they would go out to the tail-race and pick out what fish they desired with a dip-net which was kept there for that purpose. They would then switch the current off and the remaining fish would swim away. Father once caught in this way an immense sturgeon that weighed seventy-eight pounds. Of course he had to be landed with a pike pole.

An old colored man, who was known as "old Jim," had a habit of fishing in the tail-race nearly every day. He had an old bamboo fish pole and would sit and fish by the hour, puffing away meanwhile on his old corncob pipe. He would not often catch anything very large, and often he would have no luck at all.

One bright August day he came down about ten o'clock in the morning and started to fish near this plate. He fished the remainder of the morning and did not even have a bite. Without stopping to eat he continued to fish during the afternoon. Father saw the old negro fishing there all day and resolved to help him. He got another man to handle the switchboard; the man was to turn on the current when father took off his hat, and turn it off when he put it on again.

So father went out to interview old Jim. He asked him if he was having any luck. "No, sah, no, sah, boss," he replied. "And what's mo, no mo fish am down there." Father assured him that the bottom was covered with fish, but he refused to believe it. Father then told him to pull up his hook and line, and he would call the fish up.

Old Jim put no faith in this promise, but at last he was persuaded to pull in his line. Father then removed his hat. In a short time numerous white objects appeared, rising steadily to the surface of the water. After a few moments scores of fish covered the water, their silvery bellies glistening in the afternoon sun. Jim's eyes were fairly bulged from their sockets.

Father asked the old negro to walk over and get the dipnet. He was too overcome to do this, however, and father got it for him. Putting the net in old Jim's hands, he told him to dip out whatever fish he desired. But old Jim could not move. First he looked down at the fish and then at father. His knees were shaking, and he could not even speak.

Father took the net and dipped out four or five large carp. Old Jim preferred carp to any other fish, but he could not take them when father offered them to him. Telling the old negro he would let the fish go now, father replaced his hat. The remaining fish immediately turned right side up and swam away. Old Jim almost collapsed, and father had to lead him back from the edge of the water for fear he would fall in.

Father got a short piece of wire, strung the carp on it and hung them over the old negro's back. It was all he could do to carry them, and he went off up the hill, walking with difficulty, and looking back at father every once in a while, his eyes as big as saucers. He left his fishpole where it was; and he never came back to fish again.

—B. F. Lee, Jr.

HE WAS WILLING TO LEARN

REPEATED complaints had been made to Mr. A, superintendent of the Indian agency at S, that a certain Indian was in the habit of beating his wife outrageously. Mr. A had remonstrated with the Indian in vain. Finally, after a particularly severe beating, he summoned the Indian to his office. Mrs. A happened to be present.

"John," said Mr. A, "if I beat my wife, they'd put me over there on that rock pile." He pointed to the walls of the state penitentiary, visible through the office windows. "They wouldn't stand it," he went on, trying to impress the Indian; "they'd lock me up."

The Indian glanced at the penitentiary walls, gray and forbidding, then at Mr. A. Then he looked at Mrs. A.

"She pretty nice lady," he told Mr. A earnestly. "How you make her mind?"

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Subscription Price: \$2.00 a Year in advance for the United States and Canada; \$2.50 for foreign countries. When asking for a change of address, please give the old as well as the new address.

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Things We Talk About

THE WONDERFUL COVER PICTURE

This week is the first reproduction in color ever made of one of the splendid group of mural paintings made for the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston by John S. Sargent. They are the last work of this famous American painter, and people from all over the country have been thronging to see them. Of course you know the story of Perseus and Medusa. The hero undertook the task of cutting off the head of the Gorgon, the sight of whose face turned every beholder into stone. By the help of the goddess Athena, who lent him her polished shield so that he could direct his sword by its reflection, Perseus accomplished the deed. Mounted on the winged horse Pegasus, he returned from this expedition, rescued Andromeda from the sea monster that was about to devour her, and turned the enemies of his family into stone with one swift flash of the gory head. So runs the legend. It is fitting that The Youth's Companion should have this chance to give national circulation to John S. Sargent's great painting, in color reproduction.

By arrangement with the Museum, we hope to supply at small cost color proofs of this painting to be framed by people who appreciate it; and we shall give you another of the paintings in this series as a front cover during our Hundredth Year.

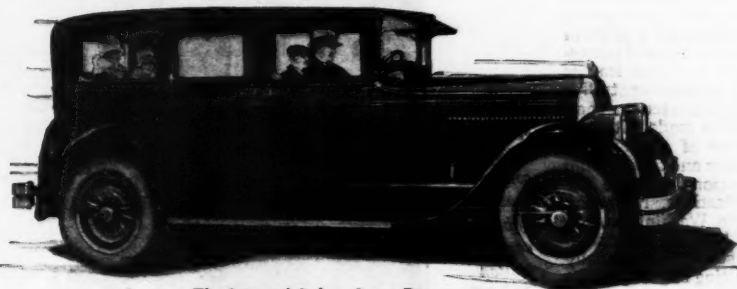
AMONG THE GREATEST WOMEN OF A HISTORY Jane Addams's name stands high. With no tinge of self-congratulation, this remarkable woman sums up on another page, this week, some of the astonishing changes that have come about in the attitude of grown people toward children. She has led in this revolution—for revolution it is. It is with sincere pride, and with hearty thanks to her, that The Youth's Companion publishes on page 90 the letter she has written to us.

THERE IS GOING TO BE AN OLD MAN dependent on you! Some genius connected with the Equitable Life Assurance Society, if we remember right, wrote this line several years ago, addressing it to young men. It is equally true of boys. The old man who will some day be dependent on you is—yourself! What are you buying for him?

Irvin Eugene Lunger, of Williamsport, Pa., won a cash prize of \$5 from the Y. C. several weeks ago. "This means much to me," he says in his courteous letter of thanks, "because there are so many things a boy needs, or thinks he needs." And we replied that the things a boy needs most are the things that will be some good to him when he is older. Such qualities as faith in God and your fellow men, education, health and courage can all be cultivated and stored away for a time of need. As for the things you buy in stores, buy some of them, at least, for the man you are going to be. Ask yourself how the article you buy today will look in your pocket, or your home, in 1945.

BEN DUFFY speaks of himself, modestly enough, as an office boy who went to work in Bruce Barton's company, six years ago. He is now assistant manager of a vital department in that company. Rapid progress, but not too rapid for any boy who studies important men, and learns what they have to teach him.

AS FINE AS MONEY CAN BUILD



The Imperial Sedan, Seven Passenger

UTMOST LUXURY FOR 2 to 7 PASSENGERS 92 HORSE-POWER — 80 MILES PER HOUR

In the conception and the building of the new Chrysler Imperial, Chrysler engineering has had no limit imposed, either in money or manufacturing resources.

There was only a single requirement, but that so high and so all-embracing that it would test the mettle of any organization, namely—

To make this car just as fine as money can build.

Such an attainment is not easy, for it means, in practical terms, that the best in the world must be excelled.

But it has been accomplished, with a completeness and a finesse that mark the Chrysler Imperial a very gem among the finest cars that Europe and America are producing today.

The Chrysler Imperial is the elaboration and further development of the principles and practices with which Chrysler revolutionized motor car design and performance two years ago.

The thought as you look at the car is that it is delightfully low; sweeping in its length, with all its lines flowing into an ensemble of extraordinary charm.

Bodies, hood, radiator, lamps and fenders all contribute to the dynamic beauty which is given full expression only by Chrysler.

The color harmonies are new in their conception and execution, and in that are distinctively Chrysler.

Engine Balanced by Unique Method

In its construction and operation, the Chrysler Imperial engine is as nearly perfect in balance, symmetry, and smoothness, as science can make an engine today.

It develops 92 horse-power; it gives the car a speed of 80 miles per hour and more.

Chrysler methods of balancing this new engine and mounting it in the chassis frame are entirely unique.

The engine is cushioned at the rear end on resilient, sound-absorbing blocks of live rubber.

The pistons of this new engine serve admirably to illustrate the heights to which Chrysler engineering has risen—pistons having all the advantages of light-weight alloy, all the advantages of cast iron as well, and none of the restricting disadvantages of either. These pistons are exclusive with Chrysler.

Chassis Lubrication is Eliminated

One of the most notable advancements in all motor car practice, which the Chrysler Imperial now presents for the first time, is the elimination of chassis lubrication, and even of the thought of such lubrication.

Ordinary spring shackles, shackle bolts and bushings are among the most prolific sources of wear and rattles on an automobile.

Chrysler Imperial does away with them entirely; does away with 12 spring bolts, 12 bushings, 8 shackles, 12 oilers, 36 working joints; does away with noise and squeaks at the spring-ends; does away with frequent oiling or greasing, and parts replacements.

The ends of these Chrysler springs are ingeniously anchored in specially molded blocks of live rubber, and these in turn are securely held under compression in malleable brackets at the frame ends. Thus the springs are effectively insulated from the frame.

The rubber cushions—for they are cushions in effect—absorb road shocks and road sounds. They make riding more comfortable. They make the car more quiet. They materially increase the life of the chassis springs.

The springs are fitted with specially tailored covers, which protect them from mud and water. They contain sufficient lubricant for thousands of miles.

At every vital point, the Chrysler Imperial provides safeguards to the end that nothing may interfere with wholly efficient operation.

For the first time on any engine, the carburetor has an adjusting device of scientific precision and greatest simplicity which is exclusive with Chrysler.

A gasoline filter of special Chrysler design prevents the entry of water and dirt into the carburetor.

An air-cleaner excludes road dust and grit—destructive agents which ordinarily enter motor car engines.

The water level in the battery is made known by an automatic signal each time the starter is used.

Advanced Engineering Features

Other notable convenience, comfort and efficiency features of the Chrysler Imperial are electric fumes for cold weather starting; manifold heat control which gives free engine operation immediately; an oil filter which cleanses all the motor oil as the engine runs; thermostatic control of motor heat; a three-gallon gasoline reserve instantly available, Watson Stabilizers and a three-stage road illumination system controlled by a single switch.

Every Essential of Luxury

The net result of this peak of Chrysler engineering achievement is a luxury never remotely approached—in riding ease which has to be experienced even to be conceived, in quietness of power-flow simply beyond description, in beauty and fineness that will captivate the connoisseur of fine things.

The Chrysler Imperial is as fine as money can build, and a great deal more.

It is built to an ideal—to incorporate all the luxury which heretofore only the very costliest cars of Europe and America have presented.

Every man and woman who aspires to own and enjoy a motor car as fine as money can build will be interested in the Chrysler Imperial.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The New
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL



A loud speaker that looks like a microphone

A MONTH or so ago the writer visited Lake Tahoe, mountain-encircled expanse of blue snow water atop of the high Sierras in California. On board a cabin cruiser ten miles out on the lake a portable radio receiver was in operation. The set contained a built-in loud speaker, a half-dozen tubes and batteries, all compactly inclosed in a small leather suitcase that weighed about twenty-five pounds. There was no visible antenna of any kind. All adjustments were made with two small dials. In the course of an hour the cabin resounded with music and speech from twelve broadcasting stations west of the Mississippi, including Hastings, Nebraska, Denver, Colorado, Seattle, Washington, and Los Angeles, California. In winter the operator may, with the same set, dial-in virtually all of the major broadcasting stations on the Atlantic Coast.

Such a feat is indeed an everyday occurrence in these times of scientific broadcasting and receiving. During the past year the great radio laboratories of the General Electric and Western Electric companies, together with scores of lesser experimenters, have been hard at work seeking to simplify, perfect and reduce the cost of radio. Their success has been surprising, and the effectiveness of present-day broadcasting appears to leave little to be desired, at least in the way of faultless reproduction of music and voice.

A Billion Dollars a Year

From the commercial standpoint radio is racing along with the automobile and threatening to catch up with it. It is estimated that during 1926 the United States will manufacture approximately seventy million vacuum tubes for radio use, for which about one hundred and seventy-five million dollars will be paid. Just for vacuum tubes! What America will pay in 1926 for condensers, sockets, switches and other accessories for radio sets built at home, and for many thousands of factory sets, can be estimated roughly. Assume that one half of the new tubes will go into new sets, that each set will average three tubes, and that the average new receiver will cost seventy-five dollars. According to this estimate the new sets will cost seven hundred and fifty million dollars. Now, add to that sum the price of the tubes and the cost of operating more than six hundred broadcasting stations at an average annual charge of fifty thousand dollars each and we find that during next year radio programmes will probably cost around the tidy sum of one billion dollars! And one billion dollars would buy a brand-new American navy, just as large as the one we now have!

Today a new hotel or apartment building without a radio connection in each room would be considered an architectural mistake. Eighty per cent of all phonographs now sold contain radio sets or accommodations for sets. We find radio service in restaurants, theatres, doctors' offices, airplanes, and on the sidewalks, and we have radio churches (collections taken up by mail), radio colleges, radio news service and, perhaps of less interest, radio advertising agencies. Bank robbers and lost children are found by radio, and many city police departments are radio-equipped for every emergency.

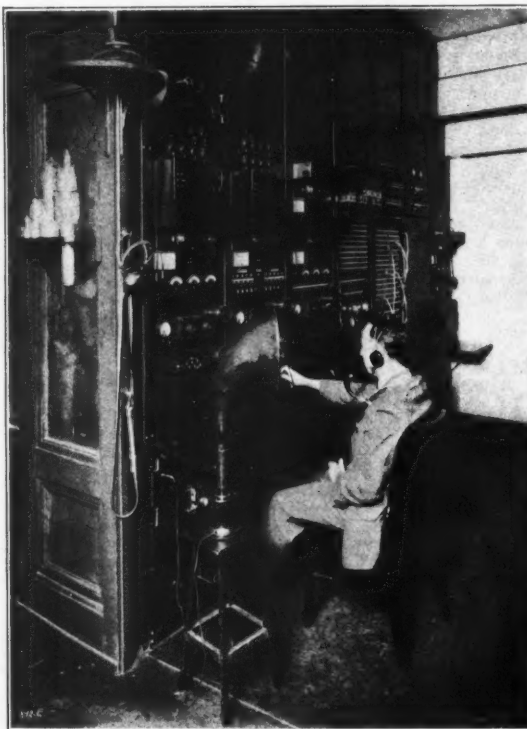
The Country is Covered

Recent progress in the broadcasting field has consisted mainly in the building of new superstations of a capacity of five thousand watts, of which a complete chain now extends across the continent, in perfecting the water-cooled transmitter vacuum tube and in devising effective methods of handling broadcasting matter through distant-control telephone wires and by rebroadcasting from station to station. A part of such accomplishment was splendidly demonstrated last winter when President Coolidge sat at his desk in the White House and addressed many millions of his fellow citizens in their own homes throughout the nation. At the present time no part of our country between the Atlantic and the Pacific is out of easy range of a major broadcasting station where modern receivers are used.

Below the wave-length band used by the

The speech input control board of broadcasting station WEA F

Elaborate apparatus is needed for broadcasting



By Courtesy of American Tel. & Tel. Company

broadcasters and within the wave-length band under two hundred meters, where about fifty thousand radio amateurs transmit by telegraph code, and maintain their cross-country relay lines, surprising discoveries have been made. It is now known that transmitters of only twenty-five to one hundred meters' wave length and employing low power have an astonishing range, actually in excess of long-wave stations. A short-wave transmitter with a power of twenty-five watts, which can be carried in a hand bag, has been heard across the Atlantic; an experimenter on Catalina Island has transmitted voice a distance of five thousand miles on a wave length of seventy-five meters with one 250-watt tube; and it is reliably reported that the American station that affords the best reception in Europe employs a low-power transmitter that operates on a wave length of sixty-three meters.

Almost No Power Needed

The behavior of short waves is undergoing careful laboratory study that may eventually result in a new radio system.



This machine is being manufactured so that American boys can transmit and receive line pictures, drawings and sketches by radio

It is found that such short waves, which are waves of exceedingly high frequency, have a habit of skipping over large areas where signals are not audible, then "descending" at distances of one or more thousand miles and registering with surprising "pep." There is every indication that ultra-short waves can be controlled and utilized for practical purposes. Short waves have the advantage not only of low power and low cost of operation but of great selectivity, together with the further important advantage that they can be reflected and sent out in a single direction, somewhat as a beam of light. It has been proved also that short wave reception is not subject to severe static interference.

While predictions are hazardous in connection with a branch of science that is growing overnight, it can be said with fair assurance that broadcasting will soon be

accomplished on short wave lengths and with no more station power than is required to light the lamps of an automobile.

Radio Pictures

Perhaps the most remarkable radio announcement in recent years, and one that has most appeal to the popular interest and imagination, has to do with the radio transmission of a moving object or motion picture. This feat has lately been accomplished in a modest way in the laboratory, and while it represents an advance step that holds promise for the future we cannot now assume that our favorite screen stars will soon perform in radio movies in the home by means of a simple attachment to the radio set. What has been achieved as yet is the transmission through space by means of radio and other electrical instruments of a black-and-white object in motion—specifically, a miniature windmill.

Briefly, the varying radio current is generated at the transmitter by flashing the light from a moving picture upon a photo-electric cell, with the assistance of a revolving disk holding many small mirrors that breaks up the picture into lines or dots. The photo-electric cell consists of a bar of the rare metal selenium connected in an electric circuit. Selenium has the peculiar property of lowering its electrical resistance and allowing more current to pass when a beam of light is flashed upon it. The metal is thus extremely sensitive to light, and in a selenium circuit the current changes rapidly when subjected to light flashes of varying intensities. When a bright ray, for example, is focused upon the selenium cell a strong current passes that is instantly reduced when the ray changes to an intermediate gray or black. At dead black no current flows in the circuit. The rapid changes in current in the selenium circuit are amplified and made to modulate and control the impulse of the transmitted radio wave. At any instant, therefore, the radio impulse is proportionate to the selenium current, which in turn is proportionate to the intensity of the light cast by the moving object.

The Final Step

The final step is to convert the received radio impulses into flashes of light of different intensity, which when combined upon a screen will give a reproduction of the original moving image. This is accomplished by several methods, one of which makes use of

One of the smallest tube sets



the fact that when amplified radio impulses are passed through a tube of neon gas the tube glows in proportion to the strength of the radio impulse. This brief explanation will give some idea of the ingenuity and resourcefulness of inventors when they set out to attain a certain end.

In the field of receiving equipment the subject of radio-frequency amplification, which is the basis of most multiple-tube circuits, including the neutrodyne and super-heterodyne, has received further study and increased efficiency.

Some of the new and interesting receiver novelties that may appear in 1926 as standard equipment can now be examined in the course of laboratory development. A determined effort is being made to do away with the troublesome "A" battery that lights the tubes, either by using reduced-voltage house current or by eliminating the tube filaments. When 110-volt, 60-cycle house current is reduced to tube voltage by means of an ordinary transformer, a disagreeable hum is heard in the receiver. It may be possible, however, to improve this method. A new tube has been devised that contains a filament that is lighted by house current reduced to four volts. This filament does not emit electrons, but its radiated heat causes the emission of electrons from a metallic element close by. It is said that such a tube is free from distortion effects and enjoys long and efficient life. Then there is a "cold tube" that requires no lighted filament but depends for its action upon the rectifying effect of neon gas; and an accident-proof tube that can be dropped on the sidewalk without breaking!

Static Stays Static

The first prize for the elimination of static interference remains unclaimed, to the regret of listeners-in who live at considerable distance from a broadcasting station, and who find that during several months of the year their reception is reduced in volume and quality. In addition to the actual noise in the receiver due to static discharges, it is a fact



By Courtesy of Radio Corporation of America
On board a cabin cruiser ten miles out on the lake

that in the static season a radio transmitter is unable to deliver its energy over the winter-time area. In certain districts the static "cloud" smothers every type of receiver during the summer months. There are experts who believe that static interference will remain inseparable from radio, and that the only remedy is to drive through with high power transmitters. Others are confident that a static filter will be discovered.

The boon of radio to the sick at home and in hospitals has been increased by a new receiver that can be operated by the blind through the touch system, and by the discovery that persons afflicted with hopeless deafness can often hear amplified radio voice and music.

An Indispensable Agency

A number of privately owned stations operated in the interest principally of newspapers lend their microphones free of charge to legitimate business concerns that as "patrons" are willing to employ the best artists and broadcast high-grade musical programmes. This form of modified advertising is of benefit to artists and public and is increasing in popularity. Altogether, radio broadcasting is performing valuable service throughout America; and along with the automobile and airplane it has become not merely a luxury but a necessary and indeed indispensable agency in modern life.



NATURAL PORTRAITS are fascinating. Above you see an excellent likeness of Thomas Jefferson. This big rock is on the Quinalt Indian Reservation, at Moclips, Washington. Carl M. Baumhart sends us this photograph.

But the best natural portrait of any United States President is at the left. This extraordinary likeness of President Coolidge is on a farm in Wallowa County, Oregon, and was taken by Mrs. Chris Johnson.

Oddities

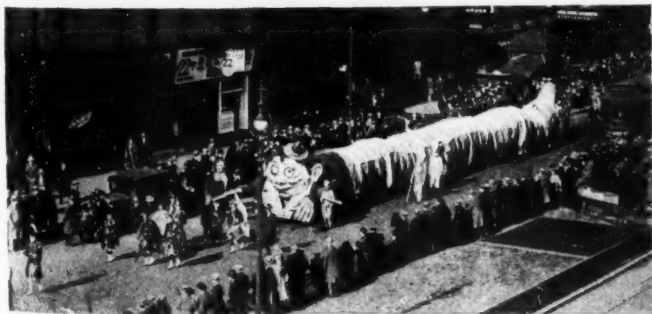
The success of this new department has been very great; the Oddities Editor has already received remarkable pictures of curious places and people from more than 495 readers. Here are a few of them. We will pay \$3 for each picture and description accepted, and will return your print. Inclose a two-cent stamp for reply.



HANDKERCHIEF POOL is in Yellowstone National Park. Earle W. Gage sends us this picture, taken by Asabel Curtis for the Northern Pacific Railway Company. When a dirty handkerchief is dropped in the pool, it is drawn to the bottom and soon returns nicely laundered. We know many housewives who wish they had a pool like this at home.



THE SMALLEST CHURCH in the world, according to Stanley Koerth, was near Festina, Iowa. It was built by two families, the Hubers and Gartners. Having burned down, it was rebuilt by their descendants as a memorial and they are buried in the churchyard. Seating capacity, eight people.



CATERPILLAR SAM was a semi-centipede, as he had only fifty feet. But he was one hundred feet long. He was the oddest thing in the big Christmas procession given by Macy's department store in New York City, which included still-walking giants and many other laughable novelties devised to cheer up the city folks.

CONTROL

New Departure Never Fails

Don't miss the fun of coasting! No matter if the hill is steep and long—with New Departure, you are *always* in command.

Where pedaling would be dangerous and not even to be attempted, there's not the slightest worry with New Departure—for you always have control!

Ordinary backward pressure on the pedals summons your New Departure brake quickly into action—like a powerful unseen Giant leaping to obey.

Going fast or slow, it is ready to work for you instantly. It affords an actual braking force of over half a ton, which is never fully employed. Dealers everywhere sell bicycles equipped with New Departure coaster brakes—or can easily install one on your present wheel.

NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO., Bristol, Conn.



If your birthday comes this month tell Dad the best present is a New Departure equipped bicycle.

Send today for illustrated story, "Billy's Bicycle Triumphs." It's free and you will like it.

NEW DEPARTURE

"The Brake with the mighty grip"



Your Choice
\$20.00
Musical Instruments
FREE To Our Students

Your choice of a Violin, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Ukulele, Banjo Ukulele, Guitar, Mandolin or Banjo Mandolin. You will be proud to own any one of these instruments and you can have one absolutely free. A few cents a day for lessons is your only expense. Our system of teaching is so easy that you can play several pieces by note with the first four lessons. We guarantee success or no charge. Instrument and lessons sent on one week's free trial. Write for booklet today, no obligation.
CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Orchard and Willow Streets, Dept. 44, Chicago, Illinois



Wrestling Book FREE
Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Free book tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. State age.
Farmer Burns School, 2502 Railway Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

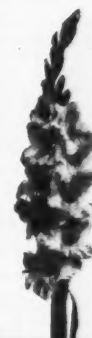
Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy.
Mrs. Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

The most beautiful Gladioli I have ever offered

EVERY lover of gladioli should surely plant Kunderd varieties this year, for never have I offered a more beautiful assortment—all of them my own originations. Write for my new free Gladiolus Book, illustrated in colors, with complete descriptions of a great number of varieties and containing my personal cultural instructions. My bulb prices are greatly reduced this year.

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The Originator of the Ruffled and the Lacinated Gladioli

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Clear Your Skin
With
Cuticura
Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal
Absolutely Nothing Better



THE Y. C. LAB

PROCEEDINGS

Y. C. LAB NO. 1, WOLLASTON

December 16:

Made some cleats for the table. These are arrangements for allowing the drawers to slide in. We cut and finished them from some old siding which was left over from the Lab building. Glued and clamped them (they were made of two pieces) and set them aside for future use.

Started making the drawer sides and bottoms. Using white wood. A delight (this wood) to work with; no knots or bothersome grain.

December 17:

Finished the first drawer. We have a little mitre box and hacksaw now, and how we ever got along without them is a mystery. It is not an expensive outfit, but it certainly does cut some fine angles and ends. The drawer went together like a dream.

The lathe is waiting for a special belt; the one that came was too big. This fascinating black-and-red apparatus is standing on the bench we made for it—just waiting the magic touch of electricity to set it vibrating with life.

December 18:

Finished another drawer for the table. We made the front of oak to match the table and the sides and bottom of white wood. Also set in the cleats for one drawer. The handles and their little hinges have been polished, and they are just about the handsomest things imaginable. I'm going to take a close-up of these handmade handles just to show what can be done out of a chunk of brass.

Editor's Note—This table, on which the Members of Y. C. Lab No. 1 have worked so long and well, has been delivered to The Youth's Companion office, 8 Arlington Street, Boston. It is the finest kind of a success. It is used every day in editing The Youth's Companion, and, being of solid oak (not veneer), it will last for at least the next century of The Youth's Companion's history. Councilor Shumway and his Members are to be warmly congratulated on building such a fine-looking and useful piece of furniture.



Our first donation of real tools

December 19:

We had a donation today, one we can use. A friend and well-wisher sends us a huge box of splendid tools, the property of his father, who died recently and was well known as a patent attorney and skillful worker in wood and metals. These tools are: 1 rip saw (Henry Disston & Sons); 1 brace (Millers Falls Co.); 1 Stillson wrench (Walworth Mfg. Co.); 3 auger bits; 4 clamps, large; 2 clamps, small; 1 ball-peen hammer; 8 files, assorted (Nicholson File Co.); 1 copper mallet; 1 oil stone; 1 breast drill (Goodell-Pratt Co.); 1 jeweler's anvil; 1 pair callipers; 1 pair dividers; 1 try square (Brown & Sharpe); 1 combination wrench (Diamond Wrench Co.); 1 pair pliers; 1 pair square-nosed pliers; 1 pair cutting pliers (Billings & Spencer Co.); 1 chuck, small; 1 face plate, small; 1 set twist drills and gauge; 1 foot rule; 1 draw knife.

MEMBERSHIPS

February is a fitting-out month, during which the Associate Members and Members are beginning to think of the things they will build during the spring and summer. Any boy, anywhere, can join the Y. C. Lab by submitting evidence of his skill and interest in mechanical work or applied science. Sign your name on the coupon below, tear it off, and mail it. You will receive an application blank by return mail.

THE DIRECTOR

Y. C. Lab

8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

I am a boy of . . . years, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name

Address



Councilor Horton and his original Members—Eugene Stone, Howard Crannell, Paul Bulger and Harry Gillis

Y. C. Lab No. 2 Opens at Luzerne, N. Y.

UNLIKE Lab No. 1, at Wollaston, Mass., which was constructed new from the ground up, Lab No. 2 at Luzerne, N. Y., has begun its career in a building already erected, but in need of many changes and alterations to make it suitable as a boys' workshop. The main part of the building is twelve by fifteen feet, with a seven-foot extension at the rear. As built, it was a combination garage and coal shed with no windows on the main part at one side.

The roof of the extension was too low for human use (it originally served as a place for storage) and had to be raised; on this new elevated roof a chimney had to be built; in the blind side of the building a window had to be let in. Operations began December 17, 1925, at 3:30 P.M. Four boys showed up and were provisionally appointed Members of the Society—Eugene Stone, Howard Crannell, Paul Bulger and Harry Gillis. The first step was to wreck the old roof of the extension. The boys swarmed up on this roof like a gang of pirates boarding a vessel, pinch bars and hammers in their teeth. The day was cold and windy; but the boys tore the old roofing material off in something less than five minutes.

The old roof boards did not come off so easily, but they began to come soon, and one of the boys was assigned the task, on the ground, of pulling out old nails from the boards as these were tossed down. The opening over the extension, left exposed by these operations, was covered over with loose

boards against weather conditions,—it looked as if a snowstorm were brewing,—and the fun was called off at 5.15 on account of darkness.

On December 18, the boys came promptly at 3.30. Measurements for the new studding were taken, and the boys were taught to square off the ends of two-by-fours, and to saw to a line. This proved difficult to master. Also the boys showed a tendency to grasp the handle too close, when using a hammer. This gang ought to get a medal for staying qualities, under restrictions set by weather conditions where the thermometer sometimes drops to forty degrees below zero.

CHARLES M. HORTON
Councilor, Y. C. Lab.

Editor's Note—Mr. Horton's very interesting account of the rapid completion of Y. C. Lab No. 2, and of logging operations undertaken by the Members, will appear in early issues of The Youth's Companion.



Absolutely essential—the stovepipe hole!

HOW FIVE BOYS BUILT THEIR GYM

(Continued from last week)

The work of cutting out for the windows and putting them in was a little better. The structure has six windows, three on each side, and they are placed quite high to give the building a gymnasium effect. Of course, it was necessary to economize, and three of the windows are old storm windows from Donald Keene's home; the other three are barn windows.

The entire building was covered with roofing paper, and this work also was a bad job. Donald says: "Putting on roofing paper in cold weather is mean work. It is hard to make it lie smooth, and the paper cracks easily. Before we tried to lay the paper, we warmed each roll by the kitchen stove. We had a wood fire outside the gymnasium to heat the tar by, and every little while we also warmed our hands there, for we had to take off our nice mittens to drive tacks. After putting on the paper, we wired the building for electric lights. We also set up a stove in each end of the building, and placed stove pipes through the roof for chimneys. Then, in the evenings, we laid the floor. This task was pleasant, because we could now work in comfort for the first time since cold weather started, as we had both stoves going full blast. The louder the storm howled outdoors the merrier we were."

The floor is of matched pine boards six

inches wide and ten, twelve and fourteen feet long. They are nailed to one-inch boards laid flat on the cement.

The gymnasium is illuminated with the light from three globes, the center one of 150-watt power. Each light is wire-caged to protect it against balls, and the windows are also screened. A neat folding stage has been built in one end of the room, and on the floor stand eighteen seats, each six feet long, all made by the boys. As soon as they can raise the money, they are planning to put regular siding on the walls, to build a good chimney and to get more equipment. They now have a set of boxing gloves, a punching bag, two good basket balls, a volley ball, a kitten ball and a bat.

The building will be used for gymnasium training by the boys and their friends and also for a community club or meeting place. On the night that the gymnasium was opened to the public the boys had a box social, which brought in fifty-four dollars. They still owe a hundred and fifty dollars on the building, but expect to pay it soon. Their gymnasium, they say, is such a great source of pleasure and benefit that they don't know how they could be without it. Whenever they have nothing else to do, they meet there and have a good time.

CHARLES OLIVE

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"When sharpening a knife or other edge tool, should the grinding wheel revolve against the edge or away from it?"—A. G. R.
Answer by Mr. Blakely: It should revolve against it.

"How can I tell the difference between a crosscut saw and a rip saw?"—B. S. D.
Answer by Mr. Blakely: The teeth on a crosscut saw are filed on an angle, while those on a rip saw are filed straight across.

"Is there such a thing as a phosphorus lamp, and how can I make one?"—Frank Birkett, Homer, Ill.

Answer by Mr. Young: Dissolve phosphorus in olive oil and stopper the bottle. Shake it well. If bottle is opened in the dark for an instant and then recorked, the liquid will glow for a short time. This procedure may be repeated until all the phosphorus is consumed. If the bottle is left open the phosphorus will be consumed in a very short time. Bottle should be two-thirds full.

BE VERY CAREFUL about handling the phosphorus. Do not touch it with the fingers, and keep it under water until you are ready to dissolve it in the oil. Keep it away from flame.

"What is the difference between specific gravity and density?"—Maurice Long, Goshen, Ind.

Answer by Mr. Young: Specific gravity is the ratio of the weight of an object to an equal volume of water. Density is the mass of an object per unit volume. For example: the specific gravity of water is 1.0, and its density is 62.5 pounds per cubic foot. In the metric system the specific gravity is 1.0, and the density is 1 gram per cubic centimeter.

ERRATA

November 26, 1925—Reference to "eighty-inch wall" of Y. C. Lab No. 1 should have read, eight-inch wall.

January 7, 1926—Correct weights of six golf balls:

No.	Weight
No. 1	1.597 ounces
" 2	1.614 "
" 3	1.614 "
" 4	1.612 "
" 5	1.607 "
" 6	1.610 "

TESTS AND RESEARCHES

THE SPEED WAY SHOP, submitted for working test, is a thoroughly practical and efficient apparatus, having so many possibilities that it is a delight to use. Not the least of its good points is its instant readiness for use. As the motor drives directly on the lathe, there



Working test of the Speed Way Shop

are no belts to line up; all one does is to plug into an ordinary electric light socket, and the machine is ready to operate.

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The lathe has a twelve-inch bed and six-inch swing; the bed can be increased by the substitution of longer steel rods if desired. The size might imply that this lathe lacked power and precision, but a test proves otherwise; it performs in a most businesslike manner, turning even hard wood with ease. All the other members of the outfit work with equal facility. A small circular saw is sometimes nothing but a toy, but the Speed Way really does saw and doesn't balk at a board an inch thick.

Altogether a fine outfit for the man or boy who loves to work out things, and it can be used in the smallest of dwellings (even a kitchenette). Its possibilities are limitless. Manufactured by Electro-Magnetic Tool Co., Cicero, Ill.

HARRY I. SHUMWAY
Councilor, Y. C. Lab.



Cinderella

A True Fairy Tale

AS TOLD BY HERSELF

I AM a Ford car. I am going to be—but I mustn't get ahead of myself so early in this story. Only yesterday I stood out in a great yard, and all around me were the saddest-looking derelicts like myself—old cars, forgotten, useless. It was cold. Ice and snow were everywhere.

One of my former owners once said, "It's always darkest just before the dawn." That saying came back to me. Where is this dawn, I thought, bitterly. I looked around at the other cars, and they gave me no hope.

There was a big touring car next me, once a monarch of the highway. It seemed to blink its huge headlights at me, as if to keep back a tear. A noble old limousine leaned disconsolately at the fringe of the group, with its stuffing pulled out in places. We were all alike in one respect—we were all members of the junk heap.

But I'm not so old, really. Only a 1922 model. Where was the dawn? I shivered in the wind, wishing I could lift a shoe off the ice now and then, as I see the horses do.

And then it happened. My true fairy story began. Somebody yelled: "Take that flivver over to 33 Prospect Avenue. They want a car, and they're in a hurry."

"Step on her," I heard the man say. "Don't know about the battery, but maybe it'll turn over."

Tush! A lot he knew. My battery registered 1250, right then, and each of my points was dry as tinder. Did Cinderella fail to leap up when the Fairy Godmother arrived? Perhaps I ought to explain my name. I belong to a very large family,—the Fords of Detroit,—as everybody knows, and most of us are named Henry or Lizzie. But my name is Cinderella, and if you can't guess why read the old fairy tale again—and read the rest of my story.

We got out of the bone yard in a hurry, and after a short run we rolled into a driveway. At the end of it was a small building, with awfully bright lights showing in its windows. The doors opened, and several boys dashed out, falling on me like a band of Indians. A man came out with them.

"Will she run?" he asked. "We don't care what the year is, or how rusty and dirty she is, but we want her mechanically good. This is the Y. C. Lab No. 1, and we intend to build a sport body on this chassis—make her the finest-looking small car in America, if we can."

"Oh, boy! Oh, boy!" shouted one of the young chaps, stepping on the starter. "She'll run all right," said my driver. "It's a mighty good bargain for fifty dollars. Why, there's that much rubber on this car."

And then they went into the house. This was interesting. Boys, and a cheery-looking building. I didn't know what Y. C. meant, and Lab was a new one, too; but it surely looked a lot happier than the awful junk yard I had left. It's awful to be a Cinderella and sit around in the ashes with nobody to

care what happens to you. I wished I might stay here with these boys and their Lab, whatever that might be. I sat out there in the dark and felt happy. I like boys, and they like me.

Well, the boys came out, and I knew I'd been bought after they inspected me. They blew my horn and jumped up and down in me, and, goodness, I liked it. Cinderella had met her Fairy Princes (a whole Lab full of 'em), and her days in the cold and the wet and the ashes were just forgotten.

The next day they took off the touring body. Three o'clock came, and with it the boys, and the man who is the Lab Councillor. "Let's get the dirt off," he said.

It was too cold to give me a bath; so they took off the dirt and tar with knives and chisels. Then they washed me with gasoline. Brrrrrr! I felt like an Eskimo on Saturday night. After that they rolled me in. The battery had been removed, and so had the gasoline tank; so I couldn't run in myself.

So this was the Lab. It is great. There are all sorts of tools, and a lathe, and drills and grinders. Pictures on the walls, too, and a little stove in one corner. A clean, cheery place! The boys built it themselves. Then the Councillor started them removing my fenders and other things. They went at the work with a zip, the way boys always do when they like a job. I laughed. I may be plain, but the steel in me is tough. They struggled and sawed, and one boy cut himself a little and first aid was administered. This didn't faze anybody. These Lab boys work like men. No softies among them.

The fenders came off, the running boards, the side panels. Off came my radiator, hose connections and fan. At last I stood a mere skeleton: frame, transmission, motor, differential and wheels.

What next?

I found out when they stopped to get their breath at the end of this day. "Now we'll drop the frame five inches," said the Councillor. "That will give the right height for a speedster. After that—well, we'll build a body that will be a credit to the shop. Cinderella is going to have her new clothes."

What luck! I'm the luckiest girl in the world. Yesterday a derelict, standing forlorn in the ice and slush. And today—destined for great things. I feel it. I'm so happy I could sing, but they've taken off my voice (my exhaust and muffler), and it is standing in one corner of the Lab.

I'm wild to know what these boys are going to do for me. I hear exciting remarks about streamline bodies, high cowls, V-shaped radiators, disk wheels, and so forth. I know they're going to turn out something different. I'll never be "just an old Ford" again—never! I'm Cinderella, and I hope some day to be called the handsomest boy's car in America.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



"They rolled me in!"



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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOKSHOP
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Montreal's six-track toboggan slide on Mt. Royal

Gay Coasting Parties

By EARLE W. GAGE

MOONLIGHT in Winterland! And the toboggan that pants to carry you down that icy path at ninety miles an hour!

Perhaps tobogganing is the most popular of real winter sports. But not all of it is a game. The runs must be laid out and prepared with care and must be kept up in good order. They should be made to follow alternate curves and straight lines, and the snow of both the path and the sides must be sprinkled with water, so that the resulting thin coat of ice will make the runs more or less rapid according to the dip of the ground.

The larger runs, where winter sports are the fashion, at Montreal, for instance,

varies according to the number of chutes into which it is divided. These chutes are virtually troughs, flooded and frozen, one separated from another by means of a ridge of ice. Each one is the width of a toboggan, so that steering is unnecessary, and the risk of upset and accident is reduced to a minimum.

A toboggan slide is real poetry. To see a person with a load of duffel lashed on for some long wilderness trip is to see something suggestive of great beauty—also of fatigue, if you have ever hauled your equipment that way. But to fall down an iced chute at ninety miles an hour, yourself only an inch or so from the whizzing face of snow and ice—that is to breathe poetry. If gravity, an ice-track (well engineered so that the curves are safe, the sides secure) and a toboggan don't give you the thrill of your life, your case is hopeless.

Although making the toboggan chute is very simple, it is an important piece of work and must not be slighted in any way. Pay as much attention to the making of the toboggan chute as an engineer does to providing a track for a passenger train. Very few railway trains travel at the speed of the average toboggan. A slight miscalculation in a curve will make the toboggan turn turtle; a small deficiency in the edging of the track may turn the swooping, hawklike thing loose in the unpacked snow and send its passengers to the hospital. Build the runs

from the bottom upward, so that the lower section can be used while the construction of the upper part is still in progress. Sprinkle with water often to provide an icy coat. And never use a run when there is the least chance that the runners will cut through. It will ruin the slide.

Never oversteer the toboggan. This way danger lies in plentiful quantities.

The social form of tobogganing is bobsledding. Long, low, padded toboggans, seating from six to a dozen persons, are used. Members of the team bend themselves, thus guiding the sleigh to right or left. They apply the brake by letting themselves drop on the snow, or drive to greater speed by bending forward like jockeys. Strong iron spikes, which are driven by a lever into the ice, enable the leader to stop the sleigh instantly.

The Swiss bobsleigh, which is a great improvement over the original American model, has a low, wide frame. The steering, by means of a wheel, is absolutely perfect, and powerful brakes add to the security of the passengers. In Switzerland this is a popular winter sport, and every bob has its name. Many of the sleds are famous.

"Tailing" expeditions have also become very popular in leading winter-sport quarters. A long row of toboggans or bobs are hitched tail-like to horse-drawn sleighs, and the occasional rushes around corners and unexpected hills cause such laughter that everybody in the neighborhood knows that a tailing party is winding its way through the wintry world.



Gay party of tobogganers

average anywhere from a quarter to a mile in length, and they have a drop from a few feet up to several hundred feet. They may have every variety of turn, from the sharp corner to the most gentle curve. The average speed attained on these runs is anywhere from forty-five to sixty miles per hour. There is a 2100-foot chute along the Hudson River, in New York State, where the start is down a slope of not more than thirty degrees, and yet where the speed attained at once is breathless. The all-wooden toboggans do the chute in from twenty to twenty-six seconds, and the steel-shod toboggans in from fourteen to seventeen seconds!

The modern toboggan, described as a "skeleton," consists of light but exceptionally strong steel framework with a yard-long padded seat, on which the rider lies flat, steering the craft with hands and feet. In order to secure both strength and lightness, it is built of narrow, well-seasoned, straight-grained hard wood, fastened together by light crosspieces, usually of steel; the front end is bent up and over to form the "hood," and fashioned securely by means of wire or leather thongs. Toboggans are generally from four to nine feet long and about eighteen inches wide; they can accommodate from one to five persons.

Although tobogganing can be carried on to some extent in soft snow on hillsides, the iced slides, where high speed can be attained, are much more fun. Such a slide usually crowns the summit of some slight elevation, and the depth of the drop is made gradual by supporting trestlework, whose width



A bobsleigh taking the so-called "sunny corner" on the great bobsleigh run at St. Moritz, Switzerland

From Girl to Girl



Photograph
By
HOYLE
STUDIO
Boston

I will help
you decide
what your
style is

Dear Betty:

How's this? A brand-new "Cuddle-Doon" dress. I don't know whether you've seen it or not as yet, but it's a sort of jersey with a weave all its own. Some silk thread is mixed with the wool, and it gives the dress a gorgeous sheen.

I like the tiny pin tucking down the front, but then I have always been a fool about tiny tucks. They do give such a neat, nice line. There are two kick pleats in the skirt, so I can actually step without stretching it. And the smoked-pearl belt buckle is darling. It cost \$16.50—the dress, I mean, not the buckle.

Last fall I remember your talking about jersey dresses and saying that you never liked them because they do not fit very well. I admitted then that there was some truth in what you said. Not so now. This is a well-made dress; tucks under the arm throw fullness toward the front and take away that awful "hangy" feeling that jersey used to have.

The hat is a Dobbs. It comes in a dozen colors and three sizes at ten dollars each. I tried them all on before I got this one.

Here at school we are becoming confirmed graphologists. Everybody has written to Hazel Grey to get her gypsy to tell them about themselves, and we are keen to have a graphology party. She is going to send us all the details. She said my handwriting showed finesse and discrimination, and I feel ever so flattered. I am going to send for a book about it.

Lovingly,

Hazel Grey

If you want to get this dress for yourself, write to me. It comes from William Filene's Sons Company. I will ask them to send you one. Be sure to state your size and the color you want. A money order is the best way to send the money. Write and tell me about any of your fashion troubles.

What are you most interested in?
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Hazel Grey

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Jars & Tubes



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

HERE IS THE WINNING LETTER

Lewisburg, Ohio

Dear Hazel Grey:

Beginning the week after Thanksgiving, two other girls and I have been running a hot lunch for the pupils both of the grades and of the high school at Lewisburg.

We are sophomores, and, as we have two free periods in the morning of forty-five minutes each, we decided to make use of them in this way:

There are four periods in the morning, and the first and the last are our free periods, as we have classes the second and third periods. The first period one girl (taking turns by the week) goes after the groceries (as we buy almost everything), one studies, and one cleans and prepares the dining-room. The fourth period we prepare the lunch, which we serve at eleven-thirty.

We try to have only three courses; so each one has one course to prepare.

Our superintendent, H. A. Hoffman, granted us this favor, for it helps the pupils to get a good warm lunch, cheaper than anywhere else. I said cheaper, for we want to do some good also. We get the use of the cooking utensils and gas free because in return we are doing a good "turn" both for our school and for ourselves.

At first we hired a boy to run errands, but this did not do so well, for he did not like to be called from his studies to run errands. We made over eight dollars, along with our studies, towards our Christmas money the first week.

Here is just one example of our menus:

Cocoa	\$.03
Frankfurter sandwich	.08
Vegetable soup	.08

We have had many good laughs at our blunders, but we are planning to continue it after Christmas vacation, just for spending money.

ESTHER DE GROAT

Surgoinville, Tennessee

Dear Hazel Grey:

My mother says I must call you Miss Hazel, for I am only six years old. Perhaps I am one of your youngest Companion readers. I read most of the children's pages all by myself. My mother reads some of the other stories to me. She read to me about you offering a prize for the best letter on "How I Made My Christmas Money."

I am a little country girl and live on our farm,

which has a lot of chestnut and walnut trees. I gathered about a bushel of chestnuts and sold them for fifty cents a gallon. I gathered four bushels of walnuts and sold the kernels for fifty cents a pound. My mother helped me some.

This is the first time I ever earned my own Christmas money and my subscription to The Youth's Companion too.

Your friend,

MARY ELLA HODGE

Braddyville, Iowa

Dear Hazel Grey:

We had about thirty-five acres of corn to husk. My brother intended to help husk it, but he hurt his hand and couldn't do anything. So my sister and I thought it would be fun to take a team and wagon and go to the field by ourselves. So to the field we went about seven, got a forty-five or fifty bushel load, came in, and papa scooped it off. We didn't try that, although we could if it had been necessary. Then we ate dinner and went back to the field and got forty-five or fifty more bushels. It was a good day's work, and we got five cents a bushel for it. I made twenty dollars this way. Then our town had a carnival last fall, and I got the prize for the best loaf of bread. It was a sack of flour. Papa bought it from me for two dollars and sixty-five cents.

I remain,

RUTH JOHNSON

From Girl to Girl

HERE IS A LITTLE NOTE

WINNER IN THE CHRISTMAS MONEY CONTEST

The prize of \$5 for the best letter on "How I Made My Christmas Money" has been awarded to Esther De Groat of Lewisburg, Ohio. Here is her letter and her picture. Congratulations, Esther.



The Youth's Companion

How about the jokes? Have you sent yours? Are you thinking up new contest ideas for me? What kind of a contest would you like? This isn't my page, you know. It's ours.

Hazel Grey

8 Arlington Street, Boston

Utica, New York

Dear Hazel Grey:

I started a one-cent increasing Christmas Club, from which I will get \$12.75. But that is not enough, so I decided to paint cards and do a little needlework.

Somehow or other I developed original ideas in color schemes, and my cards are bringing me a handsome profit—between one and two hundred per cent. Yet I have just bushels of school work, and cards take lots of time. My mother was a wizard with a needle, and I believe she must have im-



parted it to my sister and me (especially my sister); and so Mary and I are making fussy little affairs which delight the eye and are of very little practical use. But you know those things hit the spot with most of our sex, nevertheless.

Then you see many times the apt application of "Necessity is the mother of invention"; so, thinks I, use what talents you have and perhaps the dollars will appear.

I have cooked some for bake sales and helped serve at big dinners, and I take care of a little girl regularly. None of these things brings any huge profit, but each contributes to the whole amount which I want to lavish on astonished relatives this year.

I hope, Miss Grey, that I have not used "superfluous verbiage" (to quote the Literary Digest), and that perhaps my letter may find favor with you.

KATHERINE F. GREENE

Memphis, Tennessee

Dear Hazel Grey:

My letter is not going to be on "How I Made My Christmas Money," as I am a little cripple and so cannot do some of the things that others do to earn their Christmas money; and, too, this is rather a large city, and it isn't as easy to make and sell things in a city as it is in a small town; so my letter is going to be on "How I Saved My Christmas Money," and I hope that you will accept it even though it doesn't come up with the requirements of the contest.

I saved my Christmas money by saving dimes. I started saving them the first of September, and I now have fourteen dollars and fifty cents. I intend to have twenty dollars by Christmas. Of course I didn't earn the dimes, but before I started I made sure that I had the promise of both of my parents to give me every dime they got.

Sincerely,

MARY E. DORRIS

Yorktown, Indiana

Dear Hazel Grey:

I earn my Christmas money by the two-cent saving account plan. The interesting part of my story shall, therefore, be how I earn the money to put on this account.

We live close to a factory; so I made hot

coffee and sold it to the workmen for five cents a cup. They were much pleased, and I did this for some time.

I then decided I would like canvassing. I sent for dress snap-fasteners to sell, from which I received one third of the proceeds. This was not easily accomplished, as I am not gifted with the art of salesmanship, and when one order was completed I gave up this work for "plain sewing."

I put an ad in the paper that ran similar to this: "Wanted, plain sewing; price very reasonable, according to size of article."

Many ladies came to me to have their house dresses and children's play aprons made, because they were too busy to make them and my prices were suitable. I found this my most pleasant attempt.

But September soon came and with it school and books to occupy my time. I could no longer do sewing, and I thought this would be my most difficult time, but I soon found it was not. For here came tomatoes to be picked, apples and pears to be gathered, and many things I could do after school in the evening. Thus it was November days had crept upon me. But by the end of the second week I had completely run out of anything to do to make my savings. I didn't want to drop it, neither did I know how to earn it.

"In times of despair always have hope" is my motto, so I looked ahead for something to happen. And what should happen but on Tuesday evening a neighbor came and asked me to do her chores and stay nights with her for two dollars a week. I accepted her offer at once.

I had twenty-four dollars and fifty-four cents when I came to draw my bank-account.

LUCILLE ASHBAUGH

Omaha, Nebraska

Dear Miss Grey:

I have made quite a little money by selling book plates. Here is the way to make them:

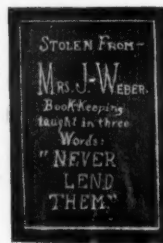
You need some transparent tracing paper, blue-print and sepia paper and drawing paper, besides pen, pencil and ruler. Measure off a piece of tracing paper $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Draw a border one eighth or one fourth of an inch from the edge. Then sketch some simple scene or an animal, leaving room for the name of the owner of the books. Here is a print to show how it is done. After drawing your pattern, follow the lines with drawing ink. Then cut your blue-print paper $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. I used photographic frames and put the tracing face down with the blue-print paper the same way. After clamping the frame, expose it to the sun for about a minute. It will take a few trials to get this just right. Take it from the sun and immediately put it in water, washing it for about a half-hour. Then trim the edges to get a smooth job.

You can make sepia prints in the same way, but they must be washed also in a hypo solution and then rinsed to prevent fading.

The cost of the paper is low, blue-print paper being three yards for twenty-five cents and sepia paper thirty cents a yard.

The blue-print book plates are sold for twenty-five cents a dozen and sepia prints for thirty cents a dozen, making a large profit from a small investment.

JOHN WEBER



I'll tell you we had a hard time deciding on the winner in this contest, as you can easily imagine. At the very last it was pretty close between two others and for a while I thought we were going to have a "locked jury," but Esther's letter finally got the deciding vote. I do hope all my contests are like that, because it's so exciting!

Honorable mention is especially awarded to Miss Sadie Hood's tenth-grade students of Racine, Wisconsin. Their letters were all excellent, original, well-written, and neat! I wish I could publish more than a few of them.

H. G.

HONORABLE MENTION

Susie A. Abbott, Mary Albertis, Dorris B. Alger, Gladys Altman, Lois Anderson, Thelma Arkwright, Sally Gordon Asbury, Lucille Ashbaugh, Evelyn Atkinson, Monroe Atkinson, Betty Bailey, Hazel Baldwin, Ruth Banks, Elsie Barnes, Signe Bayard, Elsie Bell, La Verne Bennett, Ruth Berry, Mrs. W. H. Beverley, Neva Bicknell, H. Leslie Biebee, Vera Black, Mildred E. Bobbitt, Evelyn Bodey, Lois Borling, Clara A. Boyle, Hazel E. Bratton, Trenna G. Briggs, Bernice Brooks, Cleo Brown, Frances Brown, Annilee Browne, Mildred G. Brandt, Mary Buck, Bessie R. Buswell, Josephine Baker, Elizabeth Boynton.

Sara Campbell, Avis Case, Olive Cale, Alice Caton, Dorothy Chambers, Nellie Chancy, Mildred Clogston, Beatrice Cobb, Ellen Coffeen, Helen Coggins, Elizabeth S. Cole, Marjorie Coleman, Cornelia Collins, Lucille Collins, Marion Conklin, Anna Laura Cook, Elva Cook, Catherine C. Cooper, Betty Coursen, Grace Craig, Polly Crampton, Evelyn Crow, Gustina Croll, Robert W. Cuthill, Louise Chambers.

Helen Dale, Esther De Groat, Arlene Dewey, Estelle Dice, Mrs. Albert Dickens, Mary E. Dorris, Dorothy Downing, Carolyn Douthat, Imogene Dowling, Lenore Duff, Marjorie Dunn, Irene Dyck, Julia V. Davis, Martha Dunn, Mrs. N. Erickson.

Ruby Farthing, Helen Janet Fisher, Muriel Foster, Maxine Franklin, Laura Elvira Freed, Grace Gabel, Thea Agnes Gilbert, Mammie Gill, Virginia D. Gilmore, Edith M. Glick, Ina E. Glick, Kathryn Gourley, Alice Granger, Melissa Grant, Katherine F. Greene, Ruth Griswold.

Myrtle Hager, Gertrude Haggan, Elizabeth T. Harris, Ethel Harrison, Roberto Hermon, Mary S. Hitchcock, Mary Ella Hodge, Barbara Hohngreen, Inger Holmes, Katharine P. Hough, Mary Howey, Fern Huffman, Caroline Humphreys, Fannie B. Hatfield, Deborah Hunsberger, Ruth Hunt.

Mary Isaacs.

Mary Jackson, Mary H. James, Dorcas Jelliffe, Obera Jenkinson, Eleanor Johnson, Alice Johnson, Florence Johnson, Ruth Johnson, Vivian Johnston, Lorraine Jones, Frances Jackson.

Isabel Kane, Evelyn Keith, Wilhelmine Kell, Mary Keyes, Constance Knight, Charlotte Knox, Mai Knox, Mrs. W. C. Kohler, Florence Krippene, T. Kronberg, George C. Kronberg, Helen Lane, Ruby Lantz, Anna N. A. Law, Timothy Lee, Rose Legnani, Dora Leonard, Mary G. Leslie, Gladys Mae Liggett, Marguerite Lipscomb, Marjorie Lipscomb, Genevieve Loomis, Marcella Loomis, Susan L. Lovelace, Minnie Lovett, Ethel Lyksett, Alice Lyon, Mary Kate Long.

Jane MacLaughlany, Gertrude Mann, Ethel Manning, Esther Marsh, Mabel Mattison, Adelaide May, Alma Mayberry, Viola McBride, Aletha McCain, Carolyn McCully, Ruth McFadden, Juanita McGee, Phyllis McOwen, Miss Blanche Mead, Marion E. Mead, Alice S. Miller, Myrtle Mitchell, Florence Moss, Anna Murry Movius, Doris Moyer, Margaret Morin, Elizabeth Newsom, Vesta Nickerson, Olive J. Nupp.

Luella Page, Lou Ella Palmer, Margaret A. Parks, Lucy Caroline Perry, Julia S. Peters, Edna Pittard, Genevieve Potter, Florence Potter, Mary Virginia Potts.

Phyllis Rambo, Ethel Rennison, Virginia Renz, Estelle Richardson, Ruth F. Riggs, Martha Rogers, Katherine M. Rozsa, Jessie Russell, Ruth Russell, Roberta Rytier, Helen Richardson.

Mellicent Saunders, Rachel C. Schramm, Margaret Schumacher, Susan Schumacher, Dorothy Sheldon, Viola Singler, Lois Sloop, Julia Smatt, Clara E. Smith, Forest C. Smith, Gladys Smithson, Elizabeth Snell, Myra A. Spinning, Thelma Spruill, Helen Steinborn, Dorothy Stevenson, Kenneth M. Stoll, Evelyn Stone, Dorothy Strahl, Esther Studebaker, William Sturdevant, Helen Stephens, Alice Sweeney, Geraldine Shackelford, Mary Elizabeth Synder, Ruth Stiles.

Vera Taresch, Charlotte Thoenen, Theodosia Thomas, Hannah L. Thomas, Thornton Tice, Betty Vinson, Dorothy L. Vancil, Doris Vanderhoef.

Elizabeth Wagoner, Lorena Wagoner, Wendell C. Walker, Matthew S. Waller, John Jacob Weber, Alice Wesels, Vera Wetherell, Marian Whitman, Meriel Willard, Dorothy Williams, Nellie B. Williams, Mrs. A. Wilson, Florence Wilusz, Sallie Wingo, Ruth Wyand, Jo Williamson.

Lurene Yarborough, Amy Yeager, Genevieve York, Esther Young.

Lorene Zimmerman.

Two Good Parties

Pilgrim Party

HAVE a Pilgrim Party! Write the invitations on little horns of plenty or apples or pumpkins and ask the guests to dress to represent some notable person connected with the Pilgrims.

The costumes of the Pilgrims form striking contrasts with the Hollanders with their finery—lace caps, full gay dresses, headbands of gold worn across the forehead and ending with a gold or silver button just above the ears, from which dangle long earrings reaching to the shoulders, wooden shoes, and long feathers in their men's quaint hats. The Pilgrims dressed in plain brown or gray dresses, high hats and simple caps.

If those who are dressed alike represent certain persons, they should wear cards with the persons' names in plain sight.



Keeping the Thread of the Story

Here are some games to play. Keeping the Thread of the Story is the name of one. The hostess must inform herself with the story of the Pilgrims, so that she can be the leader. Sitting in the center of the group, she holds the ends of as many strings as there are players. Each player holds the other end of one string. She begins the story of the Pilgrims, tells it as far as she wishes and then pulls on one of the strings. The player holding that string must take up the story where she has left off. Whenever the

leader chooses she pulls on another string, and that player must go on with the story. If one makes a mistake, he must pay a forfeit.

An Indian game of quoits was played at the first Thanksgiving party. If you want to play it and haven't the rings, use corn on the cob cut in pieces or rings of large vegetables, such as rutabaga turnips and beets, and throw them over stakes.

Put up a blackboard in plain

Try again

sight, give chalk to the guests and slips of paper upon which is written a word—carrot, turkey, ship, Indian, anything you wish—and ask some one to draw it on the blackboard. The others must guess what he attempts to draw.

It is I is another entertaining game. Write questions and numbers on slips of paper and pass one slip to each guest; each of the slips will have both a question and a number. One person reads a question and says, "Will No. 1 answer?" The question is, "Who is present tonight who is thankful for having the smallest feet?" No. 1 answers, "It is I," and reads his question: "Who wears the largest hat? No. 40." And so on.

Charades are always fun, and at a Pilgrim party the following words seem appropriate: Constance, patience, endurance, love, charity, fear, reliance, hope.

If you want to give favors, here are a few suggestions: Little dolls dressed to represent any of the characters of the party, pin-cushions made like carrots, apples, etc., little curiosities made of nuts. It is fun to put these up at auction and let them go to the highest bidder. Give each guest grains of corn to use for money.



Not so bad

A Party of Nuts

WHY not have a nut party? It is one of the easiest parties that we know and without much trouble can be made one of the best. Inclose each invitation in a coconut or any kind of nut shell from which you have removed the kernel. Then glue the edges together or tie the two halves with ribbon. Or write the invitations on cards shaped and painted to look like nuts.

The decorations are easy—branches of trees, a few strings of peanuts, coconuts, all kinds of nuts here and there in and out of sight, and, presto! a modern living-room becomes a veritable nut center.

There are so many interesting and entertaining games to play that it is hard to select the best ones—but here are a few.

1. Divide the guests into small groups. Provide a table for each group, place in the middle of it a pile of peanuts or almonds or any soft-shell nuts and give each player a hatpin. Then signal for the players to stab and pick up nuts. The one who gets most is the winner.

2. Place several nuts in a bowl of water. Allow each player a minute to get them out, by using toothpicks.

3. Provide each player with a bag and ask him to hunt for the nuts that you put out of sight and in the decorations. (These should include all kinds of nuts—doughnuts, octagonal nuts, hickory nuts, and so forth.)

4. Let two or more players, each carrying one or more nuts on the blade of a knife, start from a given point to go to a given point, turn round and come back again. The one who gets back first with the nut or nuts still on his knife wins the game.

5. Ask a player to put his elbows together and with arms touching and hands

spread open to scoop up as many nuts as he can carry, walk across to the other end of the room, touch the tip of his nose to the wall, then turn and carry the nuts back. The winner is the one who brings back the greatest number.

6. Place a player before a mirror, set a glass milk bottle on his head and request him to pick up nuts with a teaspoon and place them in the jar.

7. Place nuts three feet apart across the room and ask the contestants to pick them up one at a time on a hatpin and bring them back on the hatpin to the start.

8. In a large dishpan place a baking-dish, and in the center of that a tin cup. Ask the players to stand at a designated distance from the target and toss nuts one at a time into the pans. Each nut that reaches the tin cup counts ten points; the baking-dish, five; the big pan, one. Carry out the nut idea in the refreshments—nut salad, nut sandwiches, nut cakes, nut ice cream, doughnuts.

If you have the right nuts and treat them the right way, it ought to be a good party.



Hazel Gray

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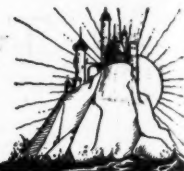
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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



On the Way to Fairyland

IF you had a good time finding places in Fairyland last week, you will be ever so glad to see this, because here are still more places to find. Look for Beauty and the Beast.

If the printing is too small for you to read, ask Daddy to let you use his magnifying glass. That will help.

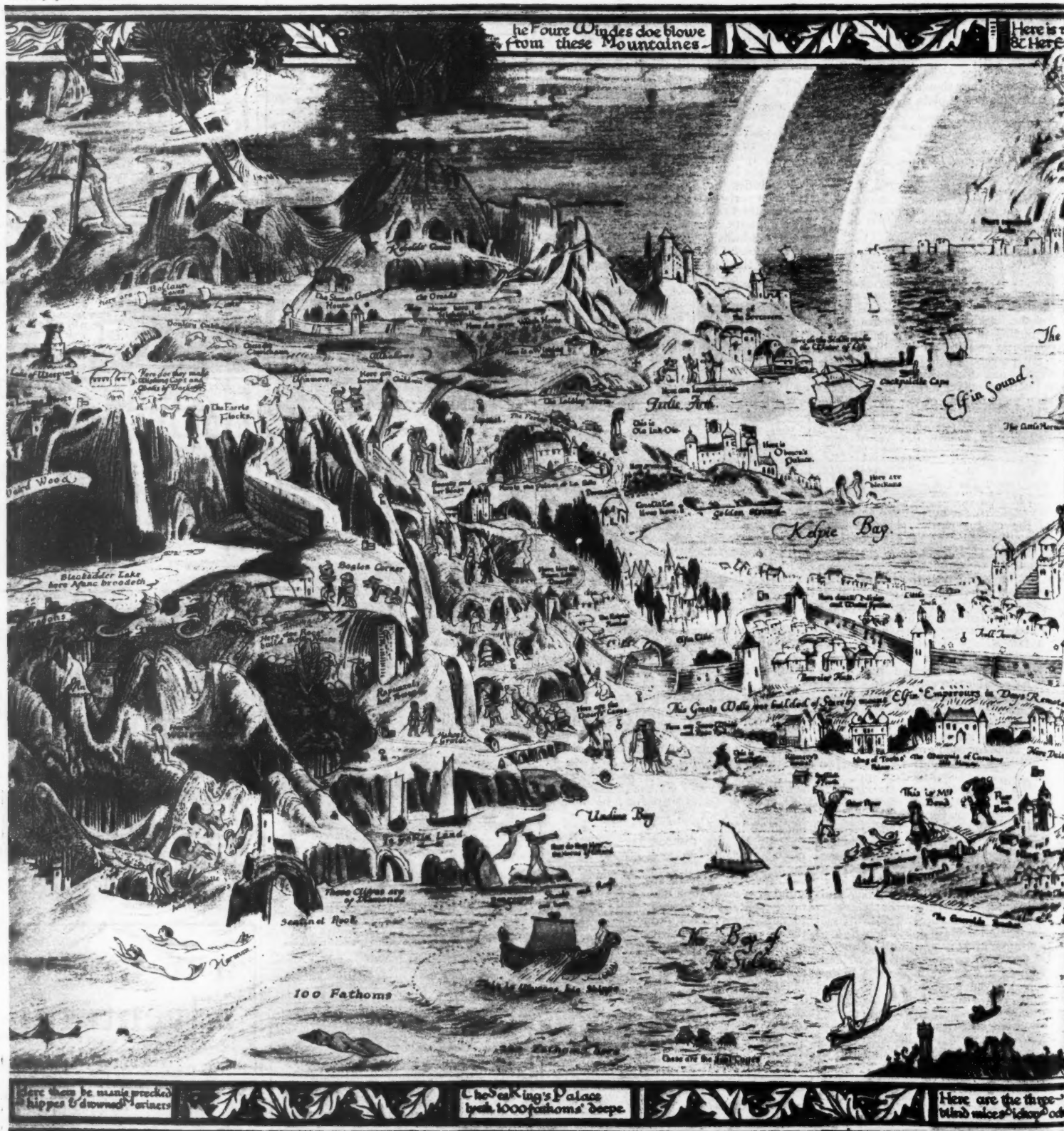
There are two more sections of the map to

come, and then you can paste them together and make a big picture for your room. You can paint it, too. But don't try that until all the sections have been published.

Send the list of the names of places you can find, together with your own name, address, age and a stamped envelope, to
EDITOR OF THE CHILDREN'S PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Remember the prize is five dollars, and you may get it.

Courtesy of E. P. Dutton.



ANTHONY DIX THE FAMOUS JOCKEY

By Pringle Barret



A handsome jockey is Anthony Dix;
You never could guess he is only six.
He can race all over the curving track
On the very tip end of Dapple's back.
He can win blue ribbons and fame galore
And prizes too and a great deal more,
And he gees and haws with a mighty will,
But Dapple mostly is standing still.

WHAT HAPPENED TO LOUIEDEAN

By Linda Stevens Almond

IT was Louiedean's practice hour, but Louiedean liked to put off doing things. She thought before she sat down to the piano she would like to run next door to see the new puppies.

"I'll only stay a teeny, weeny minute," she said to her mother.

"Well, hurry back, Louiedean," said her mother. "It's much nicer to practice early in the morning."

"All right, mother," answered Louiedean as she skipped away.

After a very long time had gone by she returned to find her two brothers preparing to go out to the edge of town to pick blackberries.

"Come along with us, Louiedean," invited Ted.

"Going to have lots of fun," said George.

"Of course I'll go," answered Louiedean. "Wait a minute till I get my little basket."

But mother appeared at that moment on her way to market. "You haven't practiced," she said. "If you had come right home after seeing the new puppies, your practicing would have been over, and you could have gone with the boys."

Louiedean's happy countenance clouded. "Oh, but I want to go, mother," she said. "I will practice this afternoon; really and truly I will."

"I don't approve of your always putting off things until another time," replied her mother.

"Oh, but, mother, just this once," begged Louiedean.

"Suit yourself," said her mother.

"Then I'll go with the boys," she cried, hopping up and down.

"I am sorry, Louiedean," said mother, and there was really a grieved look on her face as she went down the path. "Good-by, children," she called at the gate. "Don't stay away too long."

"All right, mother," they chorused.

"Run get your basket," said Ted.

"And be quick," ordered George.

But Louiedean hesitated. Suddenly, to the astonishment of her brothers, she said: "I don't think I'll go. Oh, I want to, but I'm afraid I'd keep thinking how sorry mother looked about my always putting off things. I'll stay home and practice."

"Suit yourself," said George, just as mother had said; but Ted felt sorry for Louiedean and promised to take along her little basket and fill it with the choicest blackberries he could find.

So Louiedean went inside to practice her music lesson. At the end of the half-hour she rose, found her favorite book and seated herself beside the window to read. She was so interested in her story that she did not hear a sound until voices on the porch outside came to her ears.

"Oh, I am so sorry, Miss Lovell," she heard her mother say. Miss Lovell was Louiedean's music teacher. "Louiedean has gone blackberrying with her brothers, and there is no telling where they are by this time. She will be disappointed."

Louiedean wrinkled her brow. Then she jumped up and ran out to the porch. "Here I am, mother. I didn't go with the boys. I practiced."

"Louiedean!" cried mother.

"Oh," said Miss Lovell, "I am so glad you didn't go blackberrying, for I want you to ride out to my sister's farm with me. She has a little daughter about your age, and we'll stay for dinner, and you'll have lots of fun. There will be haystacks to slide down, and you'll ride on old Dixie, and probably go wading in the branch, and hunt eggs, and dear knows what all!"

Louiedean clasped her hands.

"Oh, Miss Lovell," she cried, "I never heard anything so lovely!" And while she was swiftly tidying up and putting on a fresh dress she said: "I'm so glad I didn't put off practicing. I shall try so hard after this not to put off things."

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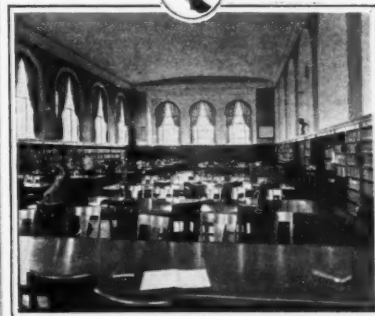
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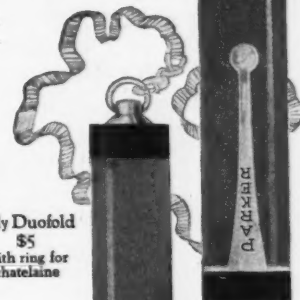
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